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A LEGISLATED PEACE

BY CARL H. P. THURSTON

I

Our allies, with the notable exception of Russia, seem to have determined that there shall be no peace until it can be dictated to a thoroughly defeated Germany; and a campaign to win our allegiance to this programme is being carried on with great energy. To our surface emotions it makes a strong appeal. We want to "lick" Germany because we are filled with righteous indignation at her crimes, and we want to "win the war" decisively because we cannot help thinking of it as a sublime game in which a tie would be almost as discreditable as a defeat. Yet deeper than these, and more powerful than either, is our desire to put an end to war forever; and it is this that will determine our ultimate policy.

From this point of view there are three fundamental objections to the proposed plan:

First, it provides too fertile a soil for the absurd superstition that when Germany has once been crushed war will automatically vanish from the surface of the earth. Under the spell of this belief, ably invoked by those dark forces which are working in every nation for the preservation of war, we shall undoubtedly fail to take adequate precautions against future appeals to arms by other nations.

Second, any terms which would satisfy a triumphantly victorious coalition would fill Germany and her allies with such bitter resentment that a war for revenge would be inevitable within a generation. The deposition of the Hohenzollerns would be particularly dangerous.

Third, no one has yet proposed any measures, short of the total extermination of the race, which would make it definitely impossible for Germany to make war once more if the will to war remained. We are asked to have a blind faith in the virtue of a military triumph.

Remembering also that this is the costliest of all possible plans, for it would unite every German, Liberal as well as Conservative, in a determination to fight to the last mark and the last drop of blood rather than deliver his Fatherland to the tender mercies of its enemies, it would seem advisable to give the alternatives a more serious consideration than our war party has yet permitted.

II

The favourite remedy of diplomats in whose hands a troublesome war has been placed for treatment is the negotiated

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peace. By a delicate adjustment of boundaries, fortresses, colonies, spheres of influence, and indemnities they satisfy national aspirations, smooth down ruffled dignities and restore for the time being that precarious state of equilibrium which we call peace. But at best it is only a makeshift, a temporary sop to the dogs of war. The pangs of land-hunger arise once more, grievances accumulate, and the world discovers that its peace conference has after all done nothing to keep it from tumbling helplessly into another war.

But this most stupendous of wars has outgrown, or is at least in the process of outgrowing, the negotiated peace, just as it has outgrown most of the other apparatus which it inherited from the past: weapons, uniforms, tactics, generals, cabinets, kings and czars, constitutions, and even human liberties. It is not merely that a larger proportion of the *intelligentsia* than ever before has determined that the peace which ends this conflict must be as durable a peace as the human mind can construct—that alone would not be enough. But beneath that lies the intense and widespread passion that has persistently hailed this war as first of all a war for principle. It has not been the war for England, or for Italy, or for Russia, or even for France, but the war for the little nations, the war to end war, the war for civilisation, and the war for democracy. The idealism of the people will never permit it to end in a sordid trading across a mahogany table.

To this determination the idea of a dictated peace makes a certain appeal. It is able to pose as a peace based firmly on principle—the principle of nationality, the safety of the little nations, restitution, reparation, and guarantees, and all that. But however noble the principles evoked to grace a dictated peace, their practical application is always so ludicrously one-sided that they are soon degraded to the rank of pretexts. The Trentino is made over to Italy because it is inhabited by Italians, but the Germans in Alsace-Lorraine are blandly ignored. These troublesome provinces are returned to France because their seizure in 1871 was a wicked act of aggression; but Egypt, Tripoli, Morocco, Macedonia and Gibraltar remain where they are. Bohemia is freed from Austria and Poland from Prussia, but Ireland has to be content with one more promise of home rule. When the diplomats have finished applying the fine phrases of the nation to the map they retain about as much resemblance to principles as might has to right. To many people in this country this fact is very obvious, and it is the chief source of their unwillingness to fight the war to a finish.

Beneath the passion for principle still another force is working against peace by negotiation, unconscious and inarticulate perhaps, but mighty. Never before has the burden of war—taxes, suffering and death—rested so heavily on so many of the plain people, the people to whom a son or a husband or a brother means much more than some distant strip of land. Never before have so many peoples been united in a single cause, or has a common sympathy been so widespread. There is a growing tendency to think oftener of the common woes of humanity than of the isolated grievances of states. A distrust of statesmen and a suspicion of diplomats is abroad; the people want no more "delicate negotiations" and no more "crises." The conservatism of the peasant and the farmer is reaching out toward a more stable world. Whether these forces or the old forces of a narrow nationalism will prevail no one can say, but it is significant that in the only land in which government has sprung fresh from the people and is not yet crusted over with tradition, the cry of "No annexations, no indemnities, and the free development of all nations" has gone out to the world. There is a contagion in these words which will be hard to combat.

III

The Russian formula has one great merit which has thus far received too

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little attention; it attacks war, as I shall try to show later, in its most vulnerable spot. But it is much too simple for this complicated world. If war is to be done away with, an intricate mechanism must be set up in its place to arrange peacefully all those changes which are implied in a phrase like "the free development of nations." Territory will have to change hands occasionally, rights will have to be enforced and wrongs punished, conflicting policies will have to be reconciled. The three fundamental principles of the Russian declaration must be expanded into a network of practical laws; and in all this specialists in the art of government must play a large part. They should be forced to work, perhaps, in connection with men whose function might be compared to that of the tribunes of the people; but we cannot hope to secure world peace by mere acclamation. It must be laboriously worked out in convention.

We come, in short, to the notion of peace by legislation as the natural goal toward which our hopes are tending.

Just here we touch conservatism in its most sensitive spot; the theory of the sovereignty of the state plays the same part in our politics that the theory of the divine right of kings did in an earlier age. At the sound of the word "legislation" every statesman will promptly exclaim that no nation could ever agree to be bound by a council of representatives from all the nations; that no patriotic citizen would submit for a moment to such dictation. Few of the liberal-minded men who have organised the leagues to enforce peace in England and America have ventured to hope that the world was ready for a world parliament.

But the notion of peace by legislation does not necessarily involve the creation of a permanent world parliament and the destruction of the old idea of sovereignty. It is very flexible, and can expand or contract as circumstances demand. It would demand nothing at first but an agreement among the belligerents that instead of trying to dicker and compromise until they had achieved peace they would try to evolve certain principles by which all the questions in dispute might be resolved, and that these principles should be held valid for the future as well as for the present. If the conferees should find, after discussion among themselves and consultation with their governments, that they could go even farther than this, why so much the better; but no government would be asked at first to commit itself to more than this. The suggestions which follow later are only an indication of what might be hoped for under favorable conditions.

To the mere outsider conditions do seem unusually favourable. For three years we have been engaged in battering the extreme theory of state sovereignty that flourishes in Prussia; and it would seem that some of our blows must have recoiled on our own theories and weakened their defences to a considerable extent. They had already begun to show the effects of the growth of the civilised world during the past century toward homogeneity and interdependence. As far back as 1815 the Congress of Vienna laid down certain principles for the control of navigation on international rivers and they were generally accepted as binding on all nations. Since then commerce and transportation have shown such a thoughtless disregard of national boundary lines that international regulation has become necessary in one field after another; and it has nearly always infringed on the free and independent sovereignty of the separate states. The postal service to foreign countries, telegraphs, wireless. quarantines and other questions of public health, railways, monetary systems, weights and measures, and a multitude of lesser interests have all been regulated by commissions which had power to bind the participating governments. Maritime law and labour legislation have been unified through the work of international committees; and we have an international copyright and an inter-

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national registry of trade-marks. The conferences at The Hague have tended in the same direction, even though the Powers have not yet consented to be bound by their results until they have officially accepted them.

Our Mexican troubles and our patience in the face of the German submarine campaign have shown that in this country, at least, hair-trigger patriotism has lost its popularity. We have seen already that in the rest of the world patriotism alone has proved insufficient as an inspiration to battle. And in the last of the many war cries which have been brought in to supplement it, "the war for democracy," there is still further hope. If the world has really begun to care enough for democracy to fight for it, is it too much to expect that it will be willing to trust it a little further than ever before? to experiment a little more boldly with an international democracy? Again, after having sacrificed millions of lives and billions of dollars in a war to end war, could we be genuinely unwilling to add to these in order that they might not have been offered altogether in vain, the sacrifice to a world parliament of some small fragment of our right of local self-government? Would it be so much harder for an American to submit occasionally to the decision of a majority of Englishmen, Frenchmen and Italians in some purely international question than for a Republican to submit a hundred times as often to a Democratic majority in city, state and nation?

Yet there does exist an antagonism to the idea, and about it one curious fact should be noted. In recent years few men have been willing to admit that they themselves would find the tyranny of a world parliament unendurable. Most of us think our own particular selves too enlightened for that. It is always "the state," or "no true patriot," or "the plain people," or "the government," or "our interests," or some other remote abstraction to which these intractable sentiments are attributed. We are simply dealing with one more of those political bubbles which were blown in an age of autocracy and national isolation and have little relation to the present era. If it has not yet been punctured it is chiefly because it has drifted off into an ethereal altitude at which it cannot easily be reached.

IV

Peace by legislation has a further advantage over both the traditional types of peace. Its machinery could be set in motion at once, without waiting for the end of the war; for its terms would not depend on the magnitude of our military victory, but on the eternal principles of justice and the nature of men and states. The very existence of its convention would be the strongest safeguard we could devise against the efforts of our own reactionaries to convert this into a war for conquest and revenge, and the most powerful weapon we could forge against the reactionaries in Germany, who are able to control the people only by making them believe that we are already waging a war for conquest and for conquest only. The troublesome question of sovereignty, as I have said, would not have to be dealt with at the beginning. The argument that we need all our energies and all our brain power to defeat Germany and have none to spare for peace need not be taken seriously.

A certain element, filled with the self-righteousness that has been the chief by-product of the war, would assert that only the belligerent Allies were morally fit to legislate for the world, and that the Central Powers must be excluded from the convention. Others would wish to include Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria, but bar Germany. A practical majority, however, would probably decide that it was better to risk the possibility that the Teuton delegates might corrupt the rest of the world than to reject their views without a hearing. And their presence there at all, whatever their political colour, would be a

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powerful lever in the hands of German and Austrian Liberals.

The question of the relative voting power to be given to the Great Powers and to the smaller states, which has caused so much bickering at other international conferences and has been such an obstacle to concerted action, could now be disposed of quite simply. The smaller belligerents have already grown accustomed to having their fate settled quite arbitrarily by their more powerful allies, and they would be thankful for whatever representation might be accorded them. The states that are still neutral might be invited to participate in the convention if they were willing to accept the representation allotted to them. It would be desirable to make the terms liberal enough to attract a good majority of them, for the success of peace by legislation would depend, from every point of view, on its universality.

The method of choosing delegates might profitably be left to the separate states. The same causes which have produced coalition cabinets would probably assure representation for every important group within each nation.

The Hague would have first claim to be the place of meeting for the convention.

V

The sudden development of the art of aviation in the last dozen years has made us all more cautious in the use of the word "impractical." And the idea of the World State, although its larval, worm-like, or contemptible stage, has been many centuries shorter than that of the art of flying, has already reached a more advanced state than the latter could boast of fifteen years ago. Many people already believe that it will come within a few generations at the most. Not a few dare to hope that we are already on the verge of it.

Is it too much to imagine our convention to legislate peace being allowed to report two alternative plans to its governments, a timid one and a bold one—if it is still too Utopian to expect it to present the bold one alone? The timid one would probably provide for a plebiscite of the inhabitants of any disputed territory, such as Alsace-Lorraine, promise certain liberties to racial minorities throughout the world, reduce armaments, forbid discriminatory tariffs, provide for free access to the sea for all nations, regulate commerce in all undeveloped countries, and provide some means of international reparation for citizens who have just claims against a foreign state. There would also be some indemnities for claims growing out of this war. It would try to discourage war in the future by organising the world into some form of the League to Agree to Arbitrate.

The bold plan would write, "War must go!" at the top of the page and subordinate everything else to that one end. Instead of merely piling up obstacles in the way of any nation that found itself in a belligerent mood, in the hope that before they were removed the people would have cooled off sufficiently to accept some peaceful solution, it would go to the root of the matter and starve out war by rendering it unprofitable. "Go to war as often as you like," it would say to quarrelsome and ambitious nations, "but remember that we, the rest of the world, will not permit you to gain anything by it. If you seize territory we shall take it away from you. If you collect an indemnity, we shall force you to return it. If you destroy a city, you must rebuild it." For the sake of a clean start and to show good faith, the belligerent nations would give up annexations and indemnities. They would admit that even though Germany had started the war their own inertia in failing to organise the world sooner was largely responsible, and they would not ask for damages. Belgium, of course, would get an indemnity, for her case *had* been provided for; and there might be a few other claims based on the violation of well-established law. But for the most part they would take their medicine.

An international police would be set

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up to enforce these rules. An international police does not seem so impractical as it did before all the races of the world had fought side by side for three years and more in France and Flanders. Quartering a certain percentage of the troops of each nation in foreign lands would make them readily accessible for service wherever they might be needed. Each nation would agree to furnish additional quotas whenever they might be needed.

It would be frankly recognised that adjustments of territory, colonies, markets, tariffs and immigration laws, which have always in the past been accomplished by war, will still be necessary. The principles suggested in the other plan for the settlement of the questions arising out of this war would be accepted as the basis for the settlement of future disputes, and others would be added from time to time as the world demanded them. Courts would be set up to which cases based on these rules and on the common body of international law might be referred. Councils of conciliation and arbitration commissions would attempt to find satisfactory solutions of the cases which the law did not cover. Decisions according to law would be enforced; acceptance of arbitration would be voluntary. There would be some form of permanent executive.

VI

In former times it would have been in order to speak of the immense difficulties involved in the organisation of such a project, but now it would only be a mark of disrespect to our allies. The erection of the administrative structure of a world state would hardly be worth mentioning beside their achievements of the past three years. The only obstacles that demand serious consideration are the sentimental ones, and the best way to determine their strength is to give the plan a trial. Three years ago anyone who prophesied that both England and America would adopt conscription would have been laughed into silence, but it has been done, and done successfully. If the idea of the world state seemed worth while it could unquestionably be "put over" within a few years, and without asking for more than five per cent. of the annual cost of the war as an advertising appropriation.

If the idea were fundamentally unsound, the most lavish use of books, newspapers, billboards, speeches, celebrations, monuments, parades and moving pictures would fail to make it popular. But it is only an extension of the basis of all civilised life, the doctrine that title to property shall never pass from one hand to another by extortion, but only by contract or due process of law. It offers a greater security to each nation than an enforced appeal to arbitration; and its vigourous, constructive programme makes a stronger appeal to individual loyalty as well. Even if it should break down, the arbitration scheme could be held in reserve as a second line of defence against revolution or civil war. And neither of these bogies is alarming enough to deter us. We are too well aware that if we take no precautions at all we shall have to face them anyway, under another name.

The vital question is, How would it affect Germany? The auspices are all favourable. We know that a majority of the German people are, by nature, lovers of peace. Whatever their attitude toward treaties, it has become second nature to them to respect and obey a law. We know from England's reception when she entered the war how little stomach they have for actually facing the whole world on the field of battle. Those who have followed the debates in the Reichstag before this war know how necessary it was to appeal to fear of Russian imperialism and French *revanche* to secure appropriations for a large military establishment. With nothing more to fear on any side, and with a tremendous national debt on their hands, it would be difficult for the most supreme war lords to keep the martial

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spirit alive. The pan-Germans themselves are not all Thors, Chamberlains and Bernhardis. Many would turn with relief to the new peaceful methods of fulfilling their national aspirations. And when the German troops have returned from their long years in the trenches, and the frontiers are once more opened, the censorship abolished, and the cohesive force of war removed, William II. and his adherents will have to face a fiercer opposition and a sterner questioning than the history of the Hohenzollerns has yet recorded. Whatever freedom the German people succeed in gaining for themselves will be worth twice as much to the world as an unlimited amount of democracy forced upon them. The goose-step is out of place on the path to Liberty.

THE HOLY LAND: WHOSE TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

BY AMEEN RIHANI

THE Holy Land is the home to-day of the Mohammedan, the Christian and the Jew, to mention them in the order of population. And never in its history has the problem of Who Shall Rule the Country been solved to the satisfaction of all the people that are historically, racially and religiously related to it. The Romans solved it to the satisfaction of Rome; the Arabs solved it to the satisfaction of Islam; the Crusades solved it partly to the satisfaction of Christendom; the Turks solved it according to the will and pleasure of the Padishah; but in every instance, from our modern point of view, the sword of conquest ultimately failed. Nor did European diplomacy, which complacently tolerated the Turk for four long centuries, succeed in finding any better solution than that which engendered the Eastern Question and the capitulation scheme. And now that the Turks have abolished the capitulations and are at war with civilisation itself, one of the great Powers of Christian Europe is trying again, both by diplomacy and the sword, to cut the Gordian Knot of Palestine. I did not mention the Jews, who had no chance whatever in the past and who would solve the problem to-day by Zionism and agricultural projects. Of course a temporary solution is possible again any time either by conquest or purchase or diplomacy. The Jews have the money to buy the Holy Land; England has the men to conquer it; Italy or France, through diplomatic bargainings and precarious political combinations, may acquire control of the country. But any of these solutions, as history proves, has no permanent value, is only a repetition of past experiments that succeeded only in further complicating the problem. And in the light of modern civilisation the world has a right to demand and to expect a better, a broader, a more just and permanent solution.

Who is to Have and to Hold the Holy Land? postulates the question: Who is to be the future arbiter of its destinies, the recognised head of its people?—recognised not only by the Christian world, but also by the Mohammedans and the Jews. In other words, Who is to be the master ruler and builder of the people and the land? To be sure, no Christian Power to-day, in its aspirations to annex Palestine to its dominions, is in any way actuated by the ancient crusading spirit. There may be a leaven of religious sentiment at the heart of its strivings, but religious fanaticism, religious madness, is dead. On the

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other hand, the Holy Land is not attractive enough commercially, agriculturally or economically to engage the interest of the least Chauvinistic of the champions in Europe of the policy of conquest and expansion. Why, then, should it continue to be so coveted and desired? For there is no doubt that any of the great Powers of Europe, at any other time but this, were the question, Who Shall Have Absolute Control of Palestine? opened for discussion and final settlement, would draw the sword for it. An insignificant spot like Akaba, once almost precipitated a war between England and Turkey. And last March the English troops might have taken Gaza and marched into Jerusalem were it not for one of England's allies; for it is now certain that not for military, but rather mainly for political reasons, did the English expedition halt five miles south of Gaza. Soon after that Mr. Lloyd George went over to one of the coast towns of France, where he met representatives of the French and the Italian governments; and a few days later it was reported in the press that Italian troops were to join the British-Palestine expedition.

There may be a sort of religious motive, a Church motive rather, in Italy's desire to participate in the expedition. In recent years, befor the war, Italy has been trying to replace France as the protector of the Near East Christians, and the Vatican encouraged its ambition and supported its claims. To be sure, the Vatican would desire that a Catholic power control the holy places of Christendom. Hence the move that Italy made. But it can hardly be said that England is acting under clerical pressure and guidance in her plan of conquest. England wants Palestine not for itself, but for what there is beyond it—not as an object, but as a means. It is now an open secret that she wants to extend her line of occupation to Haifa to have control of the Hijaz railway and thus keep an eye and a hand on the new Arab kingdom of Hijaz. Moreover, some English statesmen seem to think that the Power holding Egypt should also acquire Palestine, which otherwise might become a perpetual menace to Egypt's safety. And should England's ambition be opposed by her allies or one or two of them she would likely use the Jews as a means to the accomplishment of her end. A British-Palestine Committee has already been formed in England with a weekly organ *Palestine* "to urge upon the British Government the importance of including Palestine within the British Empire when the peace settlement comes to be made, and of giving every facility and encouragement for the development in Palestine of a Jewish national life."

In other words, England might champion Zionism if Zionism helps her to get Palestine. And if her allies now refuse to let her enter alone into the country, and might in the final settlement of things refuse to let her occupy it, she has Zionism as an argument in her favour; and, availing herself of that famous declaration of the Allies that every people has a right to choose its own government, will say to the objectors: But here are the Jews, who want to establish a Jewish State in Palestine under the protection of England. Napoleon employed the same tactics when he invited the Jews of Africa and Asia to place themselves under his leadership for the purpose of re-establishing ancient Jerusalem. In plain language, *he* wanted Jerusalem, and he would enter the city on the back of the Jews, which the Jews were shrewd enough to see. Now, will England succeed where Napoleon failed? And will the Zionists be satisfied with such a solution of their problem? It is noteworthy that England long cherished this idea of Napoleon, for as far back as 1852 an Englishman published a pamphlet in which he advocated the establishment of a Jewish State, urging it as a matter of great importance to Great Britain for the purpose of safeguarding the overland route to India.

It is the purpose of this article to show that it is neither to the interest

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of England nor the Jews nor the world that any one of the great Powers of Europe should occupy Palestine or that the Jews should be allowed to establish there a Zion State. It is not true, in the first place, that England's interests will be compromised or her sovereignty in Egypt threatened if she does not include Palestine in the British Empire. On the contrary, if she installs herself north of the Arab desert, between Syria and Egypt, she will have to face a triple opposition, a triangle, so to speak, of antagonistic forces. For all of these countries, Egypt, Syria and Arabia are, unlike India, close to European anti-British influences and to the intrigues of European combinations opposed to England that will encourage and instigate all sorts of nationalist movements against her. There is already a movement on foot for the promotion of pan-Arabism, and it is not unlikely that the Arabs, the Syrians and the Egyptians will be united in the future in a common cause. As for the Hijaz railway, England can be within reach of it and can ultimately, if necessary, control it, better through Gaza than through Haifa. A branch line can be built straight from Gaza through Petra along the ancient Roman road to join the main line at Ma'an, and this will be a shorter and more convenient branch than that of Haifa, which joins the main line at Dar'a after zigzagging through the valley of Yarmouk.

It is not really Palestine, as I said, that England wants, but the economic opportunities and transporting facilities that the country affords. And it may be that her supreme interest is not in the Hijaz railway, but in the railway which in the future will connect the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf, and which will be the shortest route to India, running through either upper or lower Syria. Does England then want Syria, too? It does not seem so to-day, if the high French authorities I have talked with are neither misinformed nor misguided. But she does want the control of an overland route to India; for she realises that the Bagdad railway will be connected by a branch line at Aleppo with Alexandretta, which seaport is not likely to be under her direct control, and that the industrial and commercial developments of Syria and Mesopotamia will necessitate the construction of a direct line between Damascus and Bagdad, which will eventually reduce the importance of the Suez Canal as the gate and chief highway of the East. Hence her desire to have the control herself of an overland route to the Orient, which necessitates, it will be admitted, the control of one of the eastern Mediterranean ports. This brings us back to Gaza, the possible boundary, after the war, between Egypt and Palestine. And Gaza in the hands of England, with the Tih desert behind it as a bulwark to Egypt and a branch line to Ma'an and thence through Damascus or Aleppo to Bagdad, will safeguard her authority in the Valley of the Nile and give her the key to an overland route to India. If this is too long a route, however, it is possible to construct a railway straight through the desert along the line of 30 degrees latitude, following the ancient caravan route through Jauf to Basra—a railway already contemplated, to be built with British capital and to be under British control. I do not think there will be any objection to this project, since it connects two ports occupied by England and renders unnecessary her occupation of Palestine under Zionist or other pretexts. And if she renounces her plan of occupying Palestine she will, no doubt, advocate the broader principle that none of the great Powers of Europe should have absolute control of the land, and thus she will be helping to solve the problem in a way that is fundamentally just and justly modern—in a more comprehensive, a more permanent and a more liberal manner. A solution based on the recognition of the spiritual and material rights and interests of all the parties concerned is what we want to-day.

For not only the Christian world, but

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the Mohammedans and the Jews, all have a claim on Palestine. Jerusalem, it will be recalled, was the proudest of the Khalif Omar's conquests, and to this day it remains to the devout Moslem the third of the three Holy Cities. Ismail is buried there according to Mohammedan tradition, and the Mosque of Omar is one of the famous sanctuaries of Islam. Conquest after conquest followed that of Omar. Abbasides and Fatemites fought over the Holy City and the Land; Seljuk Turks from Khorasan devastated the country; and the Mamluke Bibars saved it from the Mongol hordes of Hulago the destroyer of Bagdad. Tamerlane also visited Palestine, Sultan Selim marched through it to conquer Egypt, Napoleon tried to free it from the Turkish yoke and Mohammed Ali's troops trod the same historic path. The Crusades, I need but mention; but the kingdom of Jerusalem died young and barren. Now the English expedition is within fifty miles of the Holy City. Are the experiments of the past, none of which can be said to have succeeded, to be repeated again? Are we to have another conquest to be followed by another war or another crusade? Modern civilisation says, No. The spirit of Democracy says, No. The chastened conscience of the world says, No! No! Neither England nor Italy, nor any other European Power, should enter Palestine as a conqueror, but as a liberator. Free it by all means of the Turks—break the yoke that Sultan Selim fastened upon the country and the people. The Turks have no more right to remain in Syria and Palestine than they have to remain in Arabia. But the Turk once gone and forever, *inshallah,* who will come to take his place? I did not express myself rightly. For there is not one among the civilised Powers that can or will take the place of the Turk. Who is going to *govern* the country? is the question. Protestant England? The Vatican and the Catholic world will not consent to it. Catholic Italy? The Protestant world will protest. Orthodox Russia? Allowing that the New Régime will renounce its war policy of "no annexation and no indemnity," both Protestantism and Catholicism will say, No. How can the jealousies and the rivalries of the European Powers be overcome, or at least neutralised? By giving Palestine back to the Arabs—by establishing a successor there of the Khalif Omar? Personally, though a Syrian by birth and Arabic my native language and Young Arabia one of my pet subjects and dreams, I do not think the Arabs ought to be encouraged in extending their sway, at present, any further north than the boundaries of Hijaz, until they prove themselves capable of establishing and maintaining a liberal government, or of emulating, at least, their great ancestors of Cordova and Bagdad. Give them a chance? Yes. And by all means let their independence and national integrity be respected. But the government of Palestine is certainly too big and too difficult a task for them now.

II

What about the Jews—the Zionists? A question that suggests another; namely, Is Zionism the best solution to the problem of Whose to Have and to Hold the Holy Land? I wish to say at the outset that I have no prejudice whatever against the Jews and that I am, to a certain extent, in sympathy with Zionism. I would even say with Mr. Zangwill: "Give the land without a people to the people without a land" if Palestine were really without a people and if the Jews were really without a land. But in England, in America, in Germany, even in Russia to-day, they are just as much at home as their poor brethren in Palestine. They enjoy equal rights and equal opportunities, to say the least, with the citizens of the countries they have made their own.

Why, then, should the Jews of the world want to be cooped and cribbed in Palestine? I am not certain that they do. And I am not certain, either, that the Jews of America, even the

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ultra-Zionist element, would want to establish a Zion State in Palestine under the ægis of England. But I maintain that such a State, whether under the protection of England or any other Power, or even independent in its sovereignty, will not promote the deeper interests of Zionism and will, moreover, prejudice the interests of the Jews outside of Palestine. In the first place, the Jews of to-day are a commercial people and Palestine has no commercial opportunities to tempt even the ghost of a Phœnician. But waive this argument and let us look into the agricultural aspects of Zionism. True, the Jews that established themselves in recent years in Palestine have proven to be excellent colonists compared with the natives whether Syrians or Arabs or Jews. But what agricultural opportunities does Palestine offer, not to a few colonists, but to the Jewish nation that will want to settle there? Strictly speaking, Judea is the home of the ancestors of the Jews. But Judea nowadays does not attract them as settlers, and the few Jewish colonies have thrived only in places like the plain of Sharon and Esdraelon. No colonies have been elsewhere successful. For outside the rocky wilderness of Judea, good only for outlaws and troglodytes, the barren waste of Moab, the salt marshes of the Ghor, the parched land of the Negeb, there is in this, "least of all lands," but the ancient Phœnician coastal plain, the plain of Sharon, beginning at Gaza and disappearing north of Carmel, about a hundred miles long and fifteen wide, and Esdraelon and upper Galilee that are suitable for any extensive agricultural project. This "mere fringe of verdure on the edge of the great desert," this "strip of sown land on the borders of the waste," will barely support to-day a population of 600,000 souls; and in most parts of the country life is impossible except for nomads who wander from place to place and prey upon the settled agricultural population. Because of the lack of security and protection against these Arab raids, people dare not cultivate any crops on the border of the wilderness, which offers to the raiders the only available refuge in times of drought. And at other times, in fact; for whenever the Bedouin Arabs come in contact with a settled agricultural population, raids are almost inevitable. Excepting upper Galilee and Esdraelon and the plain of Sharon, therefore, nowhere in this stricken and forsaken land of the Prophets is there any place attractive enough for agricultural pursuits or suitable for colonisation.

And this is a condition, whose disadvantages, agricultural and commercial for purposes of Jewish settlement, the leading Zionists themselves realise. Leo Pinsker said, as quoted by Dr. Gottheil in his excellent book on the subject, that the home of Jews need not be in the Holy Land, "but wherever a fitting soil can be found for them." It is the God-idea and the Bible, he argues, that have made Palestine holy, not Jerusalem or the Jordan, and these ideas can be carried by the Jews into any land in which they may settle. To their great leader Theodor Herzl also, Palestine is but one of the various possibilities for Jewish settlement as, for instance, any of the South American republics. It will be recalled, in this connection, that England once offered the Zionists a tract of land in East Africa. But in the form of agreement that was to be entered into between the British Government and the Jewish Colonial Trust, Ltd., for the establishment of a Jewish settlement in East Africa, Herzl laid down certain conditions upon which alone the scheme could be acceptable, chief among which was that "the territory has to be sufficiently extensive to admit an immigration of such a character as should be eventually a material relief to the pressure which to-day exists in Eastern Jewry."

That Palestine, or, strictly speaking, the four or five thousand square miles of cultivated soil therein, is not sufficiently extensive for the purposes of Jewish settlement is realised by Herzl himself and other noted Zionists. There are still more vital objections to the

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project. Zionism as an agricultural community in Palestine will clash with the vested interests of the present inhabitants, the Mohammedans and the Christians. Zionism as a spiritual centre of Jewry will reawaken that terrible and pernicious spirit of religious jealousy and prejudice which has been for centuries the mara of the people and the land. "The idea of the settlement of the land of Israel was so closely associated with orthodox tenets," to quote again from Dr. Gottheil's book, "that it may well be said to be a part of the silent creed that usually goes hand in hand with official and doctrinal presentment of the principles of a religion." There is no doubt, therefore, that one of the essential features of Zionism is the establishment of a state based upon Jewish orthodoxy and consequently Jewish sectarianism. They would develop religion at the expense of nationality. Whereas the Syrians of to-day and the up-to-date Mohammedans aspire to something higher than sectarianism, are abandoning religion as a political issue, as a safeguard to nationality, and would, in a word, develop a national spirit even at the expense of religion. In this sense then Zionism is reactionary; for religious nationalism, which has been the curse of the Eastern Christians, and which is at the root of all the past misery and sufferings and degradation of the Near East people, is gradually losing its influence and power.

And is it not a fact which history corroborates and Islam to-day exemplifies, that to introduce religious traditions and beliefs into politics is as pernicious to religion as to the state? And is it not a fact also—a truism really, which nevertheless requires affirmation—that nationality is above religion? The Syrians and the Arabs themselves, Mohammedans and Christians, are beginning to realise this, and the Syrian nationality of to-morrow will embrace all the religious elements and professions of Syria and Palestine. The Syrian Jews, the Syrian Christians, the Syrian Mohammedans, will all be the citizens of one country, a country that should remain one and indivisible and that will yet, and soon let us hope, enjoy the blessings of a liberal and just government where everyone, Christian, Mohammedan and Jew, will share equally the same rights, religious and political, and the same equality of freedom and protection. And while every people will continue to cherish its own traditions, and to find its highest spiritual expression in its own religion, they will all be brought together in the common bond and under the all-embracing influence of a new-born national faith.

Indeed, we have had enough in the East of political states based on sectarian principles, or even on religious ideals. In them is the root of all social ills, all political evils and all the religious enmities and contentions. We have had enough of them—the world has had enough of them—and it is high time that that stricken land should enjoy the blessings of a higher form of government. Is not Islam a pathetic example of the utter failure of a theocratic state? But even the Mohammedan world these days is undergoing such reforms as will ultimately result in the separation of Islam as a religion from Islam as a political issue, a political bond. It must be remarked also that the Reform Jews advocate a separation between religion and nationality; they find Zionism too orthodox. But the orthodox Jews do not find it sufficiently religious. They respond to the appeal it makes to them in the name of the ancient faith, but the colonising idea, which it puts forth in the name of the ancient home, does not seem to be sufficiently appealing. They object perhaps to the rebuilding of the temple with the revenue of Wine Associations.

In either case Zionism in its religious aspect is not liberal, progressive; it is reactionary. But let it not be supposed that in this view of it we should oppose the aspirations of the Jews for a spiritual and separate nationality, a racial and religious consciousness, which, after all, can be accomplished without going back

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to Palestine. On the contrary, a Zion State in Palestine, if it proves to be a success, will gradually become too small for the Jews; and in the process of expansion they will find themselves facing two alternatives, either of which is fraught with danger: they will either have to fight the Arabs or assimilate their culture as a means of commercial and financial exploitation. No one, not even the ultra-Zionist, will suppose that it will be possible for the Jews to impose their own culture upon their Syrian and Arab neighbours. They have not been able to do this in the past; they will not be able to do it at present or in the future. Any attempt in this direction will lead to religious conflicts, and will revive the sinister spectre of religious bigotry and fanaticism.

No, Palestine is not the place for the establishment of an essentially Jewish, a religious state—a theocracy; Palestine is not the place where one of the three monotheistic religions should wield again the sceptre of authority and power. Palestine belongs to the Jews, the Christians and the Mohammedans, is the spiritual heritage of them all. To-day the Mohammedans are in the majority; and if the Jews should succeed in establishing themselves there, the present occupants, the Christians and the Mohammedans, would be forced to emigrate. The Arabs, moreover, would never rest until they get back the land. If they were pushed back into the desert they would become a perpetual menace to the Jewish State, which would be subject more than ever to continuous raids and invasions. And in an armed conflict between the Arab and the Jew, no one doubts who would succumb. The Jews are not a war-like people; commerce and agriculture are the eternal wooers of peace and security. And there will be no peace and security in that stricken and forsaken land if the Zionists and the Arabs are to be neighbours.

Zionism in Palestine would mean eventually Arabism in Palestine; in a word, another theocracy just as narrow and just as bad. And another theocracy would mean constant European intervention, another crusade perhaps, a reversion, in fact, to the old solution of the problem. Why not solve it now and forever? The world to-day demands and expects a better solution than any of those of the past. Civilisation demands that there shall be no more massacres of Maronites by the Druse, of Jews by the Christians, of Christians by the Mohammedans, of Armenians by the Turks. The civilised world wants some one to keep the peace in Palestine. And Zionism, to be sure, cannot do this as long as there are Arabs in the desert. For the sake of the Jews themselves, therefore, the world should see that Zionism is not established in the Holy Land.

Another consideration, which has not escaped the Zionists themselves: if the Jews are to have a place which they can call their home, their nation, their kingdom, the Jews in other parts of the world, whose financial and commercial interests are such as not to permit them to go back to the Land of Promise, will be exposed from time to time to the dangers of anti-Semitism. You have a home now; why do you not go back to it? Indeed, it will work untold injuries upon the Jews in other countries where they will be recognised, and with justice, as foreigners, aliens, and where they are now enjoying their rights to "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." Moreover, those that do not go back to Zion will find themselves hyphenated, so to speak, in their adopted countries and their citizenship will be questioned. It might be even repudiated should ever the interests of the Zion State clash with the interests of the countries in which they live. And whenever there is trouble between them and their neighbours the Zionists will be tempted to utilise their foreign asset in seeking to enlist in their favour the sympathy and support of the government of their American, for instance, or their English brethren. The Arabs, too, will find plenty of designing European statesmen to espouse their cause. The result:

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A constant howl for help from the Holy Land. The moral: Keep the Arab and the Jew at a safe distance from each other. Zionism in Palestine, I repeat, will mean eventually Arabism, nay, Islam, in Palestine. The new King of Hijaz, or his successor, with a united Arabia behind him, in spite of England's watch-dogs and restriction treaties, will march northward and enter, as the Khalif Omar, the Holy City. Is it not right, wise and just, therefore, to insist that no theocracy, Jewish, Mohammedan or Christian, should be set up again in Palestine? Surely the peace of the world demands this: the interests of the world, the progress of the world, depend, in a measure, upon it. And neither a successor of King Solomon nor of Omar the Righteous nor of Godefroy de Bouillon do we want again in the Holy Land.

If none of the great European Powers should occupy it and if the Zionists should not be permitted to establish there a Jewish State, who, then, shall be the ruler and benign genius of the land? It would be a boon to the country and to the world if Europe and America, in a disinterested and idealistic spirit, could give Palestine to-day a man that will rightly and justly be a successor to the three historic worthies I have named —to Solomon, Godefroy and Omar: a man that will place the Holy Land on the holier ground of liberty, equality and progress; a man that will accord the Mohammedans, the Christians and the Jews equal rights, equal protection and equal religious freedom; a great man of these times who will not need to play one race against another, or one sect against another; who will not hold the interests of the country subservient to the interests of his home government; who will have at his command a well-organised army to keep peace in the land and around it, as well as among the Christian sects that still fight over the Sepulchre; who will establish a system of education that will have for its supreme purpose the welding together of the various religious elements in a common national bond; who will render safe and attractive the pilgrimage to the Holy Place of Christianity and Judaism and Islam; who will, in a word, be the father in the land of an era of light and learning and freedom, of prosperity and peace.

It is not difficult to find such a man in England, say, or in America, or in France; but he cannot possibly rule the country according to these high ideals and lofty moral standards, if he is not independent, if he is not absolute sovereign of the people and the land. In other words, he must hold office, not in the name of his government, whose interests he will have to maintain uppermost, whose foreign policy he will have to uphold and promote, but in the name of the people of the country, of the natives themselves—the Syrian Christians, the Syrian Mohammedans and the Syrian Jews.

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BURKE OF LIMEHOUSE

BY MILTON BRONNER

VIOLENT times seem to beget in those who stay quietly at home a taste for a brutally realistic literature. After the abortive Russian revolution of 1905, when the Czar crushed the rebels with an iron hand and all Russia seemed once more sunk in hopeless and helpless despair, there was an unprecedented production of novels and stories whose realism was unusually frank, even for that country. Strangely enough, it was also pornographic. It was as if by mutual consent of writers and reading public they had said, "Very well, if we cannot have political freedom we will have freedom in our novels. Nay we will go beyond freedom. We will have license."

In Great Britain to-day, confronted always by the terrible lists of her dead and wounded, with signs of mourning and war's wreckage on every hand, the book that has gone speedily into three editions and has already made an English reputation for its author is not of the kind to make sad ones smile and anxious ones forget. It is not light and airy at all. It is one of the most frankly and brutally realistic books that has appeared in our tongue in a long time. Yet it won its audience despite the fact that circulating libraries barred it, and it has been crowned by the high praise of men like Wells and Bennett, themselves masters in the writer's craft.

Thomas Burke is a man of whom little is known. Presumably his *Nights in Town,* a London autobiography, tells of his life and adventures in the world-city, but the book attracted so little attention that its revelations—if there were any—were speedily forgotten. Undaunted by this, he produced the volume that has given him his present standing, *Limehouse Nights.**

Limehouse is a London region of mean shops, low groggeries, humble tenements and small cottages near that part of the Thames where are situated the West and East India docks. In addition to the white people who live there, and the Malays and Lascars who flock from the ships, there is a large permanent and a considerable transient Chinese population. So much is this the case that the section is known as Chinatown, just as are similar territories in New York and San Francisco.

Burke has not sought to prettify his Chinatown. In the main, he has not attempted to become sentimental over it. He has not donned rose-coloured glasses. Whether he is treating of a romantic, a tragic, or a comic theme, he seeks always to be scrupulously truthful. In his wanderings in Limehouse he most often found Chinese whose morals were none too good, English brothel-keepers, thieves and scarlet women. And he takes these people as his *dramatis personæ.* For the most part he is realistic in a romantic manner. There is brutal realism, but it appears as if it were wrung from the heart of a man who preferred to be a poet. On the very first page of his book the reader is confronted by this:

> It is a tale of love and lovers that they tell in the low-lit Causeway that slinks from West India Dock Road to the dark Waste of Waters beyond. In Pennyfields, too, you may hear it; and I do not doubt that it is told in far-away Tai-Ping, in Singapore, in Tokio, in Shanghai, and those other gay-lamped haunts of wonder whither the wandering people of Limehouse go and whence they return so casually. It is a tale for tears, and should you hear it in the lilied tongue of the yellow men, it would awaken in you all your pity. In

*Since this article was written, this book has been issued in this country under the same title by Robert M. McBride and Company.—*Editor's Note.*

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our bald speech it must, unhappily, lose its essential fragrance, that quality that will lift an affair of squalor into the loftier spheres of passion and imagination, beauty and sorrow. It will sound unconvincing, a little * * * you know * * * the kind of thing that is best forgotten. Perhaps * * *

There follows a tale of a Chinaman and a child; of how the Chinaman found her in an unbelievable brothel and took her home with him to love and worship as a fragile thing apart, something too holy to be sullied. The piece has its tragic ending—the child is beaten to death by her prize-fighter step-father, the Chinaman kills himself, and the child's murderer dies from the bite of a poisonous snake left for him by the Chinaman as a "love-gift."

Gaily deceptive, Burke pens lines like these:

Sweet human hearts—a tale of carnival, moon-haunted nights; a tale of the spring-tide, of the flower and the leaf ripening to fruit: a gossamer thing of dreamy-lanterned streets, told by my friend, Tai Ling, of West India Dock Road. Its scene is not the Hoang Ho or the sun-loved islands of the East, but Limehouse. Nevertheless it is a fairy tale, because so human.

What follows is not keyed up to this pitch of poesy at all. Instead, it is an outrageously frank and comic story of how three Chinamen and one white man disputed as to which was the father of the expected child of Marigold Vassiloff, who, as you may judge, was no saint. Once more turn the pages. Burke begins:

Memory is a delicate instrument. Like an old musical box, it will lie silent for long years; then a mere nothing, a jerk, a tremor, will start the spring, and from beneath its decent covering of dust it will talk to us of forgotten passion and desire. Some memories are thus moved at sight of a ribbon, a faded violet, a hotel bill; others at the sound of a voice or a bar of music, or at the bite of a flavour on the palate or an arrangement of skies against a well-known background. To me return all the unhappy, far-off things when I smell the sharp odour of a little dirty theatre near Blackwall. Then I think upon all those essences of life most fragrant and fresh, and upon * * * Gina Brentano.

There ensues a story of how Gina developed as a child dancer, how she fell, and passed off the stage, both of the theatre and of life. Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts. Beware of Burke charming you with his highly polished, more or less dreamy opening passage. It is a lure, a promise not to be kept. The poet in him sets his trap for the attention of the reader, and, once he is caught, certain grim matters are set down with no respect for feelings. Shocking situations are reported as they might be by a court attaché—if the latter were an artist. The dialogue is set down without an attempt to Bowdlerise it. Ugly words, coarse slang, meaningful phrases are all put in. One reads a Satanic tale of how a man tortured his child into committing a murder he himself was too cowardly to perform and then was trapped; or a nightmare story of the terrible white parrot which, like its master, was a devil incarnate and lived to avenge his death; or a Poe-like story of the gorilla and the girl.

It is a book that, in the main, is concerned with the dark phases of life. Men commit murder or torture children; women avenge great wrongs by arson or by poison; policemen's tools hand over criminals to the waiting constables. All this sounds uninviting enough. But such a description does not convey the whole truth. The fact is that Burke has cast a glamour over his pages that prevents his stories from being merely studies in the sordid and the morbid. He has seen things with sharp vision and he has etched them just as clearly. But somehow also he makes you feel that he has viewed life with pity and tenderness and loving comprehension. He has charity for all because he tries to understand all. These puppets of his are for the most part unlovely, their lives grimy enough, and yet he manages to make one realise there is loveliness amid the crime and the squalor.

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Bayswater may call some of these things beastly, but Burke shows how Limehouse finds some of these things beautiful. Again and again the reader is adjured to be gentle, to be pitiful, and if he can bring himself to this frame of mind he is apt to see these things as Burke sees them. He sees the high passion, the sudden deep love, the heroism amid the ugly and the criminal. He separates the human gold from the overplentiful human dross.

Burke is decidedly a find. Not since the days when Kipling burst upon the English world has any writer displayed more sheer power and driving force. When he wills it, he has command of fine prose. He has a pen that records things as they are. He has the ability to seize and hold one's attention. He can spin a yarn. And he has the old and invaluable trick of concealing a surprise in the end of his story. He has followed up his success with a slender volume of verse, *London Lamps*. Many of these poems celebrate particular streets in London, just as Arthur Adams and Douglas Goldring have done in recent years. There is nothing very inspired about these pieces. It is only when he sings of his yellow men and of Limehouse that he becomes really interesting. Indeed, some of these pieces sound like a versified appendix to *Limehouse Nights*.

Yellow man, yellow man, where have you been?
Down the Pacific, where wonders are seen.
Up the Pacific, so glamourous and gay,
Where night is of blue, and of silver the day.

Yellow man, yellow man, what did you there?
I loved twenty maids who were loving and fair.
Their cheeks were of velvet, their kisses were fire,
I looked at them boldly and had my desire.

Yellow man, yellow man, why do you sigh?
For flowers that are sweet, and for flowers that die.
For days in fair waters and nights in strange lands,
For faces forgotten and little lost hands.

There are many things to be seen and heard down by the West India Dock Road, things that one book of prose and one little sheaf of rhymes have not exhausted. Burke's books may sell and money may come to him, but one visions him slipping away from Fleet Street and Picadilly and going back there where life may be ruder, but where likewise it has sharper savour:

Black man—white man—brown man—yellow man—
Pennyfields and Poplar and Chinatown for me!
Stately moving cut-throats and many-coloured mysteries,
Never were such lusty things for London lads to see!

On the evil twilight—rose and star and silver—
Steals a song that long ago in Singapore they sang;
Fragrant of spices, of incense and opium,
Cinnamon and aconite, the betel and the bhang.

Then get you down to Limehouse, by rigging, wharf and smokestack,
Glamour, dirt, and perfume, and dusky men and gold;
For down in lurking Limehouse there's the blue moon of the Orient—
Lamps for young Aladdins, and bowies for the bold!

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WASHINGTON SQUARE

A FEW PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY JAMES L. FORD

To the loose methods of speech and writing, now unhappily prevalent, are due the widespread misapprehensions regarding Washington Square and its confounding in the popular mind with Greenwich Village. The last-named lies between Houston and Fourteenth Streets and Sixth Avenue and the North River. The Washington Square region consists of the square itself and its immediate neighbourhood.

There is no quarter that holds a more honoured place in the annals of the town for solidity and eminence in the arts as well as in social graces, but of late the professional bohemians who infest the southern extremity and its immediate purlieus have made it almost infamous in the minds of the respectable element and have even invaded the fine old hostelry that lies a block to the north—the hostelry that entertained the Prince of Wales in 1861, and is still famous for its good cooking.

The north side of Washington Square still retains its old-time atmosphere of dignity and worth. Its houses, which are all practically alike, were built from fortunes accumulated slowly and legitimately before the Civil War at a time when the harbour was white with sails, and steam and the Atlantic cable had not stripped our great merchant service of all its old-time romance and profit. These houses are of generous width and depth, and their back yards extend to what were originally stables, but are now largely tenanted by those artists who pride themselves on their picturesque quarters in the Washington Square Mews. The Mews itself is merely a lane roughly paved with old-fashioned cobblestones, and it is difficult for the chance passerby to distinguish between the children of an impressionist painter and those of a chauffeur, for they all play there together. A few of these houses on the north side are in the hands of their original owners, one of whom died there, a few months ago, after a continuous residence of fifty-seven years.

The old University building of grey stone, which stood on the eastern side of the square until a few years ago, has sheltered a great many artists and writers of genuine distinction. It was here that John Winthrop wrote *Cecil Dreme,* and it was from those old, stone portals that he went out in 1861 to give his life for his country. Robert C. Minor, an artist who was not appreciated until he was in his grave, occupied his rooms in later years. William Henry Hurlbut, the editor of the *World,* and a man of brilliant attainments, lived under the same roof and entertained men and women of the highest distinction. In this building Professors Morse and Draper took the first photograph of a human being.

The region just south of the square was once the most openly disreputable quarter of the city, but the abandoned classes never succeeded in invading the square itself. In time commerce, the most potent of all municipal reformers, drove out the disreputable resorts and rebuilt the streets for the wholesale silk trade.

North of the square lies what is still one of the finest sections of New York, and one of genuine historic interest. It would be impossible to name the many families of great social and commercial eminence who have pitched their tents there. The Tenth Street Studios, still standing, have, like the University Building, sheltered innumerable painters and

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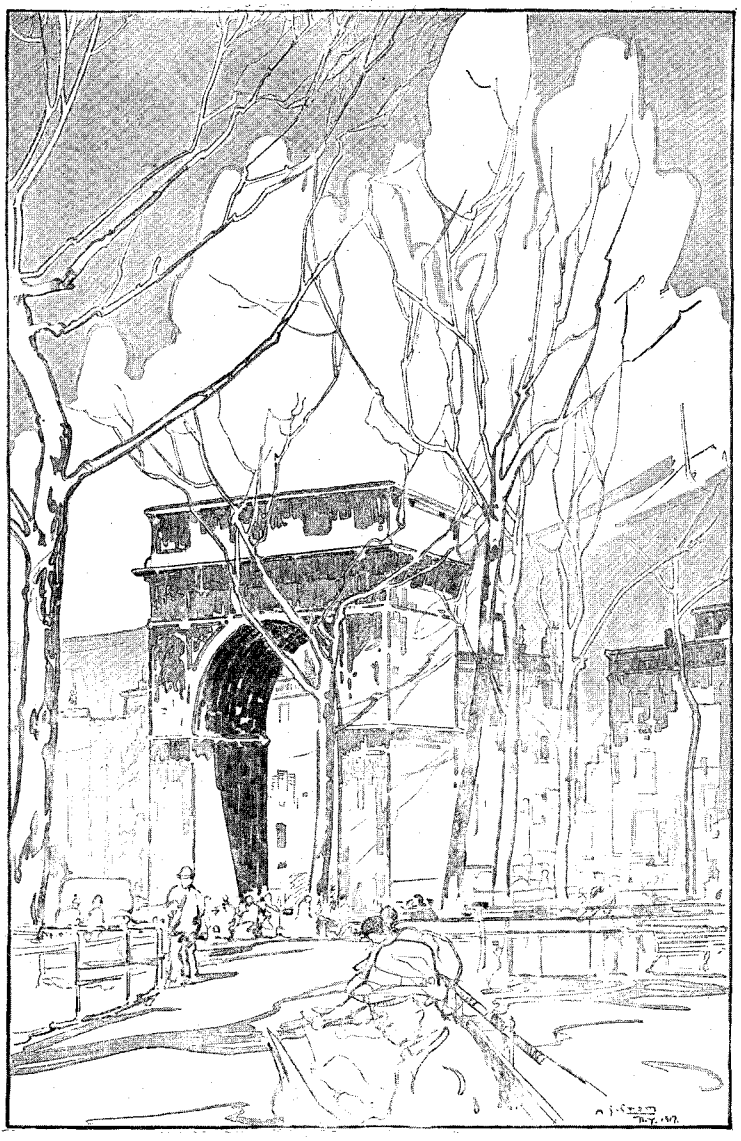

WASHINGTON SQUARE AND ARCH

sculptors, and it was here that what was always termed the "North River School" of art may be said to have had its headquarters. These were the painters who made the landscapes in the old Broadway and Fifth Avenue stages as potboilers, for magazines were few and far between in those days and illustrative art was in its infancy. In Ninth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues there lived in the year 1837 one of the most famous and extraordinary men that the world has ever seen. Here in a small bedroom Louis Napoleon lived and dreamed of the imperial power that he knew awaited him in the future. He went from this house to Europe to see his dying mother, and some years later

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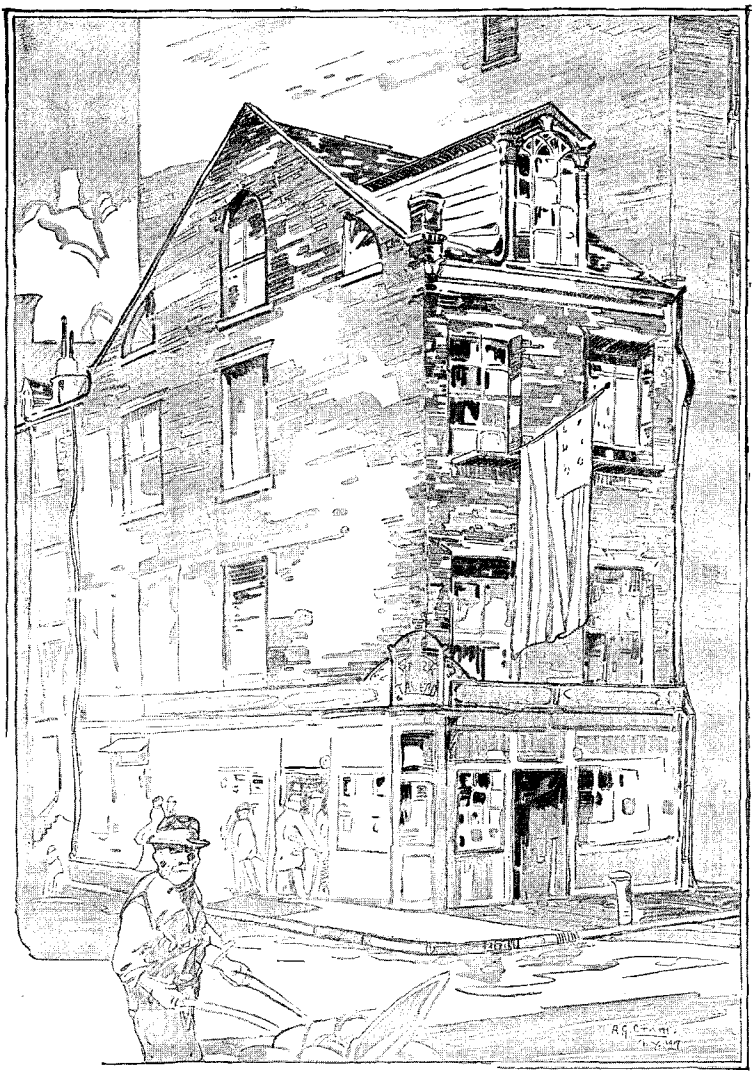

THE OLDEST BUILDING ON WASHINGTON SQUARE, STILL STANDING ON THE SOUTH SIDE

this dreamer of West Ninth Street addressed a dozen words to the Austrian ambassador who had called to pay his respects at the beginning of the new year, and in one brief sentence set all Europe a-tremble with excitement. Another man who also figured later in French affairs was a constant frequenter of the square and its nearby resorts, though I am not able to state authoritatively that he actually lived there. Clemenceau, the French statesman and former Prime Minister, was one of the famous coterie of bohemians who, during the sixties, tried to re-create the kingdom of Henri Murger in Pfaff's beer cellar situated on Broadway about where the Broadway Central Hotel now stands. Pfaff's was still the resort of writers and artists in my own early days, and

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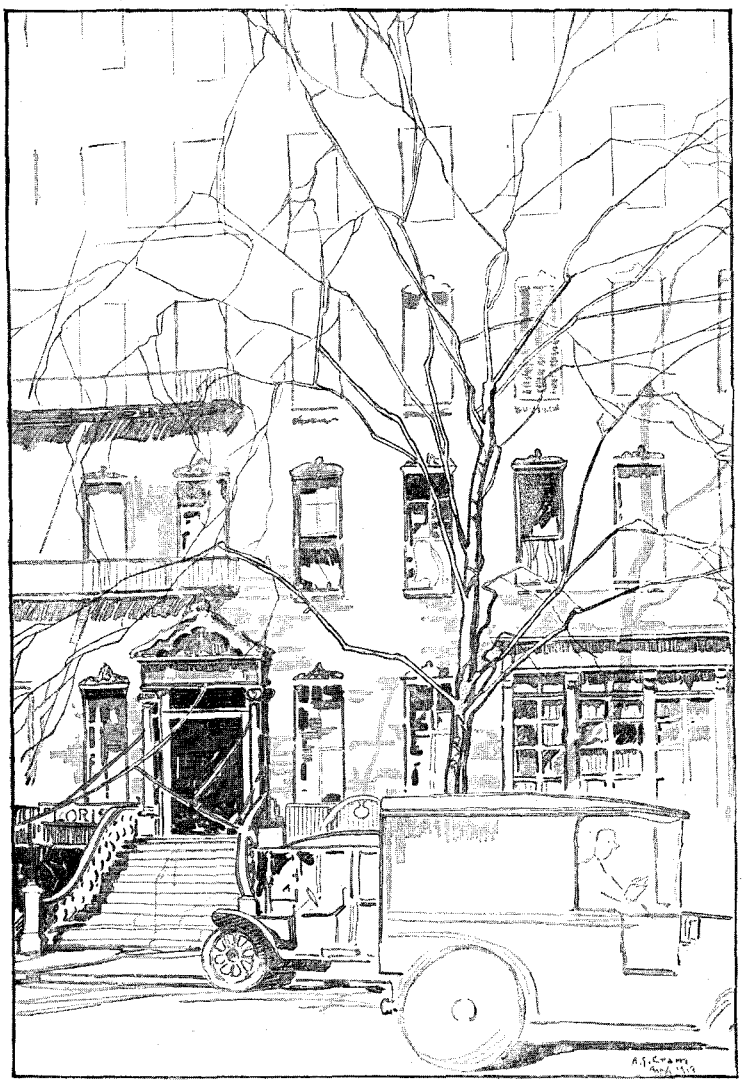

THE BREVOORT HOUSE

was afterward removed to Twenty-fourth Street where it ultimately perished.

Thirty-odd years ago the square was inhabited by many men and women who have since become famous. To mention the names of these would be to print an almost complete roster of the artistic and literary professions of that day. In a small house between Ninth and Tenth Streets Edwin Abbey and John Parsons had their home, and later the Tile Club and the Authors' Club held their meetings there. It was here that the late Laurence Hutton was entertained by his friends on the eve of his marriage and a notable company it was that sat around the board. It included John Fiske, Edwin Booth, Mark Twain, H. C. Bunner, Bram Stoker and others who have escaped my memory.

It is to the south side of the square as

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WASHINGTON SQUARE SOUTH: THE STUDIO QUARTER

it exists to-day that the whole region owes its rather unsavoury name. Here the professional bohemians whose favourite motto is "share and share alike," and who never have anything to share, make night hideous with their unseemly revels. The excellent little French restaurants of an elder day have, for the most part, disappeared from the nearby side streets and in their places are to be found such resorts as "Polly's," "The Mad Hatter," "The Samovar" and "The Candle-Stick." In these quaint effect is aimed at; tallow candles are used for light because they are more odourous than gas or electricity and prevent the patrons from seeing what they are eating. The number of young women who frequent these resorts at all hours of the night, singly, in couples or in groups, and without male escort, never fails to surprise visiting strangers. These are the so-called "bachelor girls" celebrated by the Sunday press. Many

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of them really paint or draw or act or sing, but a greater number merely pose and talk.

A number of small shops bearing names calculated to attract attention and dealing largely in "quaint novelties" of a kind that are sold in every department store have sprung up within recent years in or near the square. They are usually decorated in some original fashion and draw many purchasers from the Riverside Drive.

When other means of livelihood fail, the professional bohemians organise costume balls or "routs," as they call them, which not only yield a profit through the sale of tickets to those verdant outsiders who are always eager to taste the joys of bohemia, but also procure for them considerable free advertising through the printing of their names and even their portraits in costume in the daily and weekly press.

It is a far cry from the north of the square to the south; from Murger's Mimi and Schaunard to the ticket-selling *poseurs* of what they ostentatiously call "the quarter."

THE PRINCIPALITY OF CANTU

BY CLAIR KENAMORE

THERE is one place on the North American continent where a German reservist may be certain of a welcome. That is in the romantic domain of Colonel Esteban Cantu, who writes after his name "Governor and Military Commander of the Northern District of Lower California." This is not because Governor Cantu is particularly pro-German, but because Germans have served him well, and because the attitude of his neighbour to the north is not of great moment to him.

Conditions which obtain in Lower California are not duplicated in any other place on the globe, to my knowledge, and the government as it stands to-day is a testimonial to Cantu's shrewdness and nerve, no less than to his lack of morals. For the first time in nearly four hundred years Lower California is self-supporting. It is a free principality, owing no allegiance and paying no tribute to any other government whatsoever, and the state, the law, the parliament, the judiciary and the military—is Cantu. A notable figure is this dapper little blond gentleman, who rules a province in which he is not popular, who commands a makeshift army of seventeen hundred men in which he has no confidence, who defies his powerful neighbour states, and who holds his own power by his wits and the gifts of fortune. He is an *insouciant* Ajax, who, if he hears, never heeds the mutterings of the thunder. The lightning has been for years delayed.

While revolutions were the only business of Mexico, none of the leaders paid much attention to Cantu. He was left alone, except for an occasional proposal of alliance from Villa or Carranza. He treated these with contempt. He is of the Diaz clan, and such people as the revolutionists warring in the Central States were far beneath him. Since Carranza has been established in Mexico City he has several times pointed out to Canty the advisability of coming into the fold. Cantu has remained unmoved. Carranza has threatened. Cantu has sneered. He has cajoled, and Cantu has laughed. Carranza's government has not obtained one peso of the revenue which Cantu has collected. He has been permitted to issue none of the licenses. He grants none of the concessions. Cantu rides alone. As a preliminary to a bluff that he was about

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COLONEL ESTEBAN CANTU

to send troops against Lower Califoria, Carranza despatched a customs collector with a carload of stamps to take post at Mexicali. Citizens of Lower California took his money away from him, and Cantu gave him railroad fare back to Mexico City. The carload of stamps was returned by express, collect. That was considered a great joke in the Southwest.

Cantu's career, briefly told, is this: He was an honour student at the Mexican Military Academy at Chepultepec, and as such, attracted the attention of President Diaz, so he was attached to the President's staff. After the storm clouds of revolution had lowered about the old President Cantu was sent to Lower California with a new governor, who soon departed, leaving Cantu in Command. When Diaz was overthrown Cantu virtually severed his connection with the mother country. He was left in command of an isolated state, without friends

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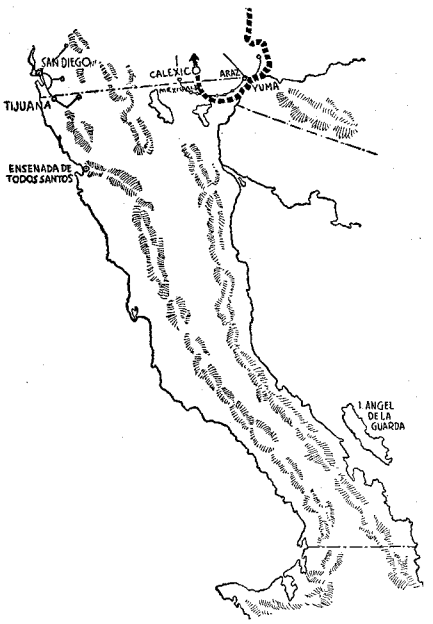
or fortune, the hot desert to the south of him, the warring mainland of Mexico to the east, the cold and unresponsive Pacific Ocean to the west and the colder and more unresponsive United States to the north.

Did he falter or repine? He did not. He set to work and made of his patrimony a garden spot. He gathered about him clever, brainy people and made his court the last stand of the Cientificos. He planted parks, built schools and roads and watched the development of the biggest gambling house in the world. He gave free rein, under a heavy impost, to the opium trade, and there is amassed to-day in his territory half a million dollars' worth of smoking opium waiting for a market. Just now Cantu is at Ensenada, where the ocean breezes ride in on top of the long rollers from the Pacific, but his capital is at Mexicali. In midsummer the temperature sometimes rises as high as 125 degrees at Mexicali. One hundred and ten at midnight is a matter of moment and importance to those present. Such a condition is not unknown there.

The thermometer is not the only feverish thing in that far land, which lies below the level of the sea. There is an electric condition which causes everybody to drive automobiles at the fastest, to play roulette at the limit, and to plant cotton, pick and gin it in an excited way. Cantu remains very calm. He watches the surge and swirl of his subjects with an earnest, appraising eye. He notes the tides of trade, and ascertains whether the most prosperous are sufficiently taxed. If they are not, the tax is immediately applied.

Cantu's independence of the central Mexican Government is the product of his own aversion to the principles of the new government, and it is made secure by his geographical isolation, an isolation almost as magnificent as England's. The southern portion of the peninsula of Lower California is a loyal Carranzista district. One would think that the proper way to reach Cantu would be to land an army in loyal territory and march it north against the upstart governor. But it cannot be done. Lower California is about eight hundred miles long. It is the mother of the California in the United States, and has been ruled by white men for three hundred and fifty years, but in all that time no wheeled vehicle has passed from one end of the peninsula to the other. The land probably is the most poorly watered in the world. For scores of miles on end the deep desert sand is the only thing to be



seen. Cactus and boulders break the monotony, and the far rim of desolate mountains. It is a land of terror and thirst. In these desert wastes are scattered a few little hidden valleys which seem like glimpses of Paradise. They are full of waving palm trees and the stream of water which gives them life. But the valleys are too few and far between to make the movement of troops through the country possible.

In 1747 Marie de Borja, Duchess of Gandia, lay a-dying. It occurred to her that it might be a good idea to do an act of piety (the English of the family name is Borgia). So she left a large

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sum of money, sixty thousand pesos, I believe, to the Jesuits. With this money they were to found three missions in the three most inaccessible spots on the globe. The Jesuits built all three missions in the interior of Lower California. The whole peninsula is just as wild and forlorn now, as it was then, except for a few little towns around the fringe of it. Hundreds of miles of the weary coast line will show no sign of habitation.

In contrast to the deserts of the interior and the sea-coasts, the country about Mexicali presents the greatest contrast in this land of contrasts. The land there is as rich and as prosperous as any in the world, and this condition makes another mighty bulwark in Cantu's defence. The condition is peculiar. The Imperial Valley, famed in story, is watered from the Colorado and Gila rivers, which drain the higher slopes of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, but the water flows toward the Gulf of California, and goes from the United States across the border into Mexico before it is turned north again to do its work of irrigation in the United States. The great canals and ditches circle Cantu's little capital city of Mexicali. All the water goes under Cantu's control before it is used, and he is the boss of the water. The American engineers, who keep the system of supply canals in repair, work in Lower California only by grace of Cantu. The supply of water, which is as the life blood in the veins of the valley, is Cantu's to give or withhold. There was no more desolate desert in the world than the Imperial Valley before the water was harnessed. It was a waste of sun-baked land, hemmed in by mountains which converged the rays of the sun. The bed of the valley sloped away to two hundred and sixty feet below sea level. Even the rattlesnakes and tarantulas, the only inhabitants, found difficulty in sustaining life. Now sixty-five thousand people live there. It has big towns, with street cars and moving-picture shows and chambers of commerce. This year the crops will sell for a sum equal to the interest on five hundred million dollars.

In the upper, or southern, end of the valley, across the line in Lower California, the Colorado flows to the sea between well-built walls. Cantu could blow up the levee on one side and let the whole river into the valley, leaving the ditches unsupplied; or he could blow up the levee on the other side of the river and turn the valley dry again. Either would be fatal to the American end of the Imperial Valley. These possibilities were pointed out to me by Cantu's prime minister. That the governor ever would resort to such desperate means, he said, was impossible, unthinkable. It could never happen. Except, of course, under one condition. That condition was that the United States should so far forget itself as to permit Carranza to send troops through United States territory to move against the government of Lower California. Californians would not like to see Carranza troops oust Cantu. I doubt if they would meekly permit them to pass through California to make war on him. If we should allow such a movement of troops it must be through the Imperial Valley. Carranza would not advance his interests, except sentimentally, by taking the few towns on the west coast. It would never do to let troops, hostile to Cantu, enter Lower California by way of Yuma, because they would pass over the essential and immensely valuable works of the irrigation system, the head gates, dams and levees that insure the prosperity of the valley. It would be too much to expect Carranza soldiers to pass over that section and do no damage.

Now, California from which the peninsula depends, is a great state, somewhat fond of dancing and light wines, but with strong ideas along some lines. It is greater now than ever, since its vote elects presidents. Colonel Cantu saw that his free-and-easy country might offend its neighbour to the point of international complications, so he thought it would be well to have an American

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lawyer. He chose Mr. Isadore Dockweiler, of Los Angeles. Besides being a good lawyer, Mr. Dockweiler is the Democratic national committeeman from California, and generally credited with throwing California into the Democratic column at the last election. It would seem assured that when he makes a hurried trip to Washington his client to the south of the line will have at least a respectful hearing. All the protests of the ultra-moral element in California against the reprehensible ways of the Cantu government have been unavailing at Washington. Carranza's requests for aid in recovering the rebel state and whipping it again into line with the mother country have all been denied. All the big cotton plantations below the line are run by Americans, and the system of taxes and duties is one of the most ingenious of Cantu's creations. In spite of this they are prosperous almost beyond belief. The Americans do considerable grumbling, after the manner of men heavily taxed, but to a man they are strongly pro-Cantu. They will not consider the idea of changing the security of the present corrupt and unauthorised government for the moral and upright dominion of Carranza, with the accompanying anarchy, irresponsibility and weakness.

It would be profitless to point out all the iniquities which flourish under Cantu. A few will suffice. At Mexicali is the Tecolote gambling house, proudly proclaimed the largest in the world. Fifty games of various kinds are running. Each game will accommodate from a dozen to twenty players. The bar is one hundred and sixty feet long. The dance-hall girls come from the four quarters of the world. The patrons of the place are Americans, Mexicans, Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Germans and Indians. There may be a few other breeds, unclassified, for many of the ghastly drug users who gather there have lost their racial traits. This place pays Cantu fifteen thousand dollars a month license. Tijuana is the popular resort on the western coast. It has a race-track, which caters exclusively to Americans, and its gambling house has more tinsel, but for concentrated wickedness and vice, Tijuana cannot compare with Mexicali.

Soon after Cantu came into power he gave a monopoly to a French citizen of Ensenada for the refining of opium. The raw opium was brought from India. This man flourished greatly, despite his heavy taxes, until the smuggling of opium into the United States gained such proportions that several capable American revenue men were sent down to end it. They did so, but there is now the great store of contraband in Lower California ready to be smuggled across. In fairness, it should be said that Cantu now declares himself to be opposed to the drug traffic.

Smuggling aigrettes is now the only traffic with which line officers have constant trouble. These are bought by tourists usually. In the back room of the establishment of a Chinese merchant, in Mexicali, I was shown what good authority declared was the finest collection of aigrettes in the world, and I was assured by the proprietor that the prices were shamefully low.

If a weak place should appear in Colonel Cantu's military scheme and Carranza should discover a way to give fight, Cantu would appeal to the United States for protection. It is his idea to ask the United States to assume a protectorate and guardianship over the northern district of Lower California somewhat similar to that which was placed over Cuba, with the eventual object of permitting the district to enter the Union as a territory. This sounds rather visionary to a staid American, but it is only part of a contingent programme to Cantu.

Lower California has had many a bizarre government, but none like today's. Cortez sent from there pearls to the King of Spain which are said still to be in the crown. The Jesuits ruled as civil governors for more than a century, and the ruins of twenty-five missions testify to their ministry. That was

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the most prosperous period of the peninsula's history. "Nicaragua" Walker, the "Grey-eyed Man of Destiny," captured the peninsula with a band of adventurers from San Francisco, and proclaimed it an American state. He was driven out. In 1911 two dreamers, Stanley and Bertholt by name, led a band of Industrial Workers of the World into the territory, captured the government, and declared it a workingman's republic. Both were killed after five months of power, and their followers, the flotsam of the world, floated on.

Colonel Cantu, who is about thirty-five, married the daughter of Frederick Datu, a German, and Datu, like a good father-in-law, relieves the governor of many business cares. In tracing back a monopoly, such as for cotton ginning or flour milling, you are likely to find that the corporation was founded on a concession granted by the governor to Frederick Datu. The governor does not look like a Mexican or a soldier or a clever ruler, but he is all three. He would have been taken for a German travelling in hardware or machinery before that species vanished. What his end will be is hard to conjecture, but it cannot be denied that he has taken the material which fell to his hand and wrought with it amazingly. He is the only survivor of the Diaz element still in power. It is hard to believe that he is the fittest.

SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN NOVELISTS
DREISER

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

You, at least, have provoked
Opinion.
How many, how many,
Have done more than sneak along
The groove of tradition?

You, at least, have created
Two women and one man
Who cannot die.
How many, how many
Can preserve their own puny souls
From daily living death?

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THE DANGERS OF DEMOCRACY

BY STEPHEN BERRIEN STANTON

At a recent dinner of the New York Association of Stock Exchange Brokers, Mr. Otto H. Kahn remarked "When the right of suffrage was thrown open to the masses of the people of England, a great Englishman said, 'Now we must educate our masters.'" That was a necessity, however, which the framers of our Constitution did not foresee. The electorate of Colonial days was homogeneous, whose majority voice was approximately the voice of the country's best and most intelligent. Moreover it was racially fairly uniform, and though not all of one stock it was generally speaking of the best blood of the lands to which it owed origin. To give such a people universal suffrage was the natural step and one fraught with no apparent danger. There was not then in prospect the epoch-making mechanical inventions which have brought industrialism into the world and created the great wage-earning classes, possessed of little of the community's intelligence or education; and which have led to the loss of that sturdy sense of independence on the part of the individual characteristic of colonial times. There was not then in prospect the tidal waves of immigration which were to swamp the native stock and entirely change the political complexion of the people, introducing into America the proletariat of Europe. How different the framework of our government would have been had these factors been foreseen can only be surmised; what qualifications would have been attached to the franchise. Suffice it to say that the republican principle of democracy encounters obstacles to-day which were not thought of when it was launched, therefore not provided for nor safeguarded against, and which unless the dangers and the necessities involved are recognised, may easily prove its undoing.

We must indeed educate our masters. But how get them to submit to education? Masters are not in the habit of thinking they need it, nor of putting up with any attempt in that direction on the part of the servant. Unless already possessed of intelligence and right thinking, the ruling majority seldom accepts the counsel offered or the measures framed by the right thinking few. On any specific issue, neither the people nor their representatives are inclined to brook enlightenment or leadership from the better informed. The education can therefore seldom be direct; it comes too late in regard to questions where judgment has already been formed. But indirectly it is still possible through the development, training, broadening, uplifting of the popular mind, so that thereafter the people will be qualified to pass correct judgment on questions as they arise. Efforts to this end are outside the field of politics, and must be exerted through the deeper-lying influences that affect the consciousness of the people. The real control of affairs, therefore, the actual guidance of the nation's destiny, is to be exercised through those humanities that mould public opinion, elevate sentiment and spread ideals. The school, the press, the pulpit, the home, literature, art—all these become the true arena for the reformer; through activities that stimulate the higher life of the community rather than in a political career is the opportunity for leadership found. Official politics deal with the will rather than with the welfare of the people. Executives that are the executants of the majority mind, legislatures composed of representatives that are merely that, can be expected to accomplish little more than the partisan and personal wishes of their constituents —and they do not disappoint. In a democracy, all political evils if traced back

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far enough find their cause in the quality of the electorate. Representation like water cannot rise above its source, and all too truly we have the government we deserve. We have unwise legislation because ill-qualified, incompetent legislators. We have incompetent legislators because of corrupt and uneducated or uninformed constituents. No betterment is in prospect until the level of voters is raised.

It is obvious, however, that a lump may easily get beyond the power of leaven. Just as the foreign influx may exceed the community's assimilative capacity, so may population grow in numbers or deteriorate in quality beyond the community's redemptive capacity. Now that the flood-gates of the franchise have been thrown wide open, they cannot again be shut (note, however, the recent adoption by Congress of the literacy clause of the Immigration Bill, and of the literacy test for voters by the New York Senate); the only hope lies in controlling the stream higher up. How long can we expect our *laissez-faire* policy toward immigration, toward the growth and character of the population, toward real universal education to continue without dragging the community down beyond upbuilding? Has not our master become a majority which is ominously near the mob level; is not democracy in danger of becoming a kakistocracy? When we contemplate the inefficiency in office, the demagogic subservience of legislatures, the intemperance of public opinion, the sensationalism of the yellow press, the general drift toward abolition of constitutional restraints, it can certainly no longer be claimed that the majority's voice is, as in the early days of the republic it approximated, the voice of the community's best. Let political capacity become and remain a minority possession, and the end is in sight. Democracy may be defined as a fundamental trustfulness in nature: instead of a belief that "the best is none too good," a realisation that "the worst is not so bad." But in this reliance upon natural forces, civilisation must not forget that it has to a certain extent eliminated nature's checks and safeguards, thereby necessitating new measures of protection. It must not forget that nature limited and selected. So long as society allows numbers to increase faster than material resources and civilising influences, imbeciles and other undesirables to perpetuate their kind, immigration to swamp the national powers of absorption, children to reach maturity without the training, education and culture necessary to good citizenship, what hope can there be for a justification of the democratic faith?

"Man is a fighting rebel who at every forward step lays himself open to the liabilities of greater penalties should his attack prove unsuccessful," says the author of *The Social Direction of Human Evolution*.[1] Repeatedly in history has the idealism of political optimists brought reforms to birth prematurely, thereby involving the world in new perils to avert which it has been under the necessity of assuming new burdens. Where there should have been gradual transition, sudden change has made doubly difficult of introduction though at the same time doubly imperative the conditions precedent of the reforms. Thus the sweeping adoption of universal suffrage, like the precipitate emancipation and enfranchisement of the Southern negro, came without adequate preparation for it—without provision for its practical working and without safeguard against its dangers. Before adopting democracy the equality presupposed by it should be made certain; one should not entrust himself to a master until sure he has the qualifications as such. Advocacy of the people's will is always with the mental reservation that it be intelligent and just; when steps are not taken to make it so and keep it so, popular government is bound to be a failure. Commenting on the argument of the historian Lecky that in practice democracy is necessarily the rule of ignorance, Giddings in his *Elements of Sociology* con-

[1] Wm. E. Kellicott, 1911.

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cedes that "the stability of democracy thus depends, first, upon the acceptance by the many of guidance from those whose superiority is real; secondly, upon an unselfish activity on the part of the superior few." But in that case, why bestow rule upon the majority and not rather restrict it to these superior few? Once the franchise is given to all, there is no longer any salvation but in ensuring character and intelligence to all. Democracies are committed in practice to the high ideals which they have in theory assumed.

What then are the practical measures that for very self-preservation a democracy must adopt; that constitute the organic law of its existence?

First, the equality that is professed must be backed up by an equality that is actual; political equality must become an equality of intelligence and character. With manhood suffrage goes manhood mentality, or it is a mockery; if we expect the ballot to be intelligently used, we have to make those who use it intelligent. It is not enough that we abolish illiteracy—a trained intellect must be made universal. Every citizen should be capable of forming an intelligent judgment and bearing his part in an enlightened community. Not until the mental and moral advantages enjoyed by the few are made possible to the many can there be the homogeneous citizenry demanded by democracies. In Woodruff's penetrating phrase, "the units necessary for the future democracy are being evolved at the same time as the organism itself." Our compulsory education standards need to be raised, expanded and—enforced. There should be equality of opportunity for all, to the end that the community may become uniform in quality. Unless there is a levelling up there will be a levelling down; privilege is its own nemesis. As the nation could not endure half slave and half free, so can it not endure half qualified and half disqualified.

Second, the community may no longer disregard the make-up of its membership; an elementary eugenics, at least, must be adopted. How can a nation progress that allows the deficient, the imbecile, the insane, the criminal not only to impose but to perpetuate the burden of their existence? "It has been the perpetual wonder of philosophers from Plato onward that men have bred their dogs and horses and left any man or woman, however vile, free to bear offspring in the next generation of men."[1] An individualism that, rather than invade personal affairs or encroach upon personal liberty, prefers to see its asylums filled, its community life endangered, is past expostulation. It is not the purpose of this article to go into any discussion of the eugenic question, but the following brief reference to statistics showing the appalling rate of increase in the above classes may not be amiss. Between the years 1850-1904 the inmates of prisons in the United States have quadrupled in percentage to population, and the insane in asylums between 1880-1903 more than doubled; the percentage of homicides and murders has trebled in the past fifteen years (1911). A total of three million dependents and defectives are thus partially itemised by Kellicott; insane and feeble-minded, two hundred thousand; blind, one hundred thousand; deaf, and deaf and dumb, one hundred thousand; paupers in institutions, eighty thousand, forming less than one-half of the whole number in the community and "two-thirds of whom have children and are also physically or mentally deficient"; prisoners, ten thousand, and "several hundred thousands more that should be prisoners"; juvenile delinquents in institutions, twenty-three thousand; cared-for in hospitals, dispensaries, and "homes" of various kinds in 1904 in excess of two millions. The English statistics of 1901 show that "sixty-five thousand seven hundred idiots and lunatics (one-third of the total) were legally married and free to multiply their kind and worse." All data tell "the same story—rapid increase of the unfit, defective, insane, criminal; slow increase,

[1]Social Forces in England and America. H. G. Wells.

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even decrease of the fit, normal, and gifted stocks. Whetham writes, 'although this suppression of the best blood of the country is a new disease in modern Europe, it is an old story in the history of nations and has been the prelude to the ruin of states and the decline and fall of empires.'" Professor Karl Pearson has pointed out that one-fourth of the population produces one-half of the next generation; allowing for the unmarried and for the death rate reduces this one-fourth to about twelve per cent. "Is there any relation between this superfertility and the possession of desirable or undesirable characteristics?" asks Kellicott. "We may answer at once—there is a distinct and positive relation between civic undesirability and high fertility." In the opinion of the Superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Feeble-Minded "unless preventive measures against the progressive increase of the defective classes are adopted, such a calamity as the gradual eclipse, slow decay, and final disintegration of our present form of society and government is not only possible, but probable." Preventive eugenics alone offer a solution of our protean police and prison problems; the practice whereof would save a community millions in money and endless energy that are now wasted on protective and repressive measures, leaving those then constructively available. According to the well-known sociologist Saleby,[1] our whole social salvation lies in getting "the right people born and the wrong people not born"—regarding the latter half of which, at least, there can be no dispute. An official of the New York State Charities Aid Association in an address at Plattsburg has just given the numbers in the State hospitals for the insane as approximately thirty-eight thousand and of the feeble-minded as twenty-four thousand (only six thousand of whom are provided for), adding "So long as mental defectives are allowed at large to marry and produce their kind, we are making sure of a bumper crop of paupers, defectives, criminals, degenerates, and ne'er-do-wells in the generations to come," and recommending "more adequate segregation of the feeble-minded, especially women of child-bearing age, by enlarging and increasing the number of State institutions for their custody, care, and training."

Third, not only in regard to quality but in regard to numbers as well must a democracy exercise supervision and control over population. The industrial law of supply and demand is also a sociological one; whenever growth of population outstrips means of subsistence or opportunity of employment or the general needs and facilities of civilisation, there is sure to ensue disorganisation and deterioration. One of the most serious evils in America is the mania for size and for statistical growth, and chiefly so because evidence of unmindfulness or disregard of the fundamental welfare. The superficial advantages, in the way of commercial importance or assessable values, to be gained through census-increase, have made our cities indifferent to the civic disarray and planlessness, the lowered living conditions, the unemployment, the lax enforcement of educational and cultural standards, the general maladministration of public affairs which are consequent thereupon. And this is true of the country as a whole.

Now it is perfectly plain that the sustaining and civilising capacity of a community is proportioned to an approximately given size of population; the community is incapable, at any one time, of taking care of, feeding, clothing, training, educating, employing more than a certain number. To let population increase other than at a gradual and orderly rate and as these facilities allow, is therefore to disorganise the communal life, destroy the homogeneity of the community, lower the standards of existence, and give progress a set-back all along the line. It is only the part of ordinary national economy to see that such permissible number is not greatly exceeded. Without quan-

[1] Parenthood and Race-Culture. By C. W. Saleby.

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titative regulation it is impossible to preserve any qualitative level; the pressure of population inevitably lowers that already attained and makes any attempt to raise it a task of Sisyphus. Every practical socialism would require as a first step a knowledge of the number with which it has to deal; nor can any scheme of wealth-equalisation or permanent abolition of poverty be successful except upon a numerical basis involving limits. Edward Isaacson[1] says, "no socialistic Utopia which assumes the right of every individual to be fed and clothed, and also to bring up a family of more than two children, can give a permanent solution of the social problem." Here again must it be remembered that in removing (at least in part) the checks by which nature through destruction of the superfluous and unfit limits population, civilisation is bound at its peril to adopt means whereby these become unnecessary; must prevent what it has become too merciful to destroy; must put into operation a real substitute for natural selection. The Malthusian doctrine has long since put mankind on notice of this fact. In the language of Sir Ray Lancaster, "the unregulated increase of the population, the indiscriminate, unquestioning protection of infant life and of adult life also—without selection or limitation—must lead to results which can only be described as general degeneration." "Practically in many parts of the world already the (Malthusian) limit has been approached so closely that it is the duty of the individual in many cases not to have children, and the duty of society to see that he does not."[2]

"The relation of democracy to the birthrate seems rather far-fetched, but it is really so intimate that one depends on the other," according to Dr. Charles E. Woodruff, author of that remarkable book, *The Expansion of Races*. "With the intelligent adaptation of numbers to prospects ceases population-pressure,-the principal cause of war, mass poverty, wolfish competition, and class conflict; for in the words of Huxley, 'so long as unlimited multiplication goes on, no social organisation which has ever been devised, no fiddle-faddling with the distribution of wealth, will deliver society from the tendency to be destroyed by the reproduction within itself in its intensest form of that struggle for existence, the limitation of which is the object of society.' Once it seemed as if man's propensity to multiply foredoomed the race to live ever in the presence of vast, immedicable want and woe. . . . The wheel of Ixion, the cup of Tantalus, symbolised humanity striving ever by labour and ingenuity to relieve itself of a painful burden, only to have that burden inexorably rolled back upon it by its own fatal fecundity. The unlooked-for promptness with which, under the influence of democracy and public education, the masses have acquired a sense of responsibility in the matter of family, bids us look for a time when the spectre of over-population, with strife, misery and famine in its ghastly train, will be finally laid, and society will for the first time become master of its destiny."[2]

So cogently is the case put by Wells in his *Social Forces in England and America* that the passage should here not be omitted: "A state whose population continues to increase in obedience to unchecked instinct can progress only from bad to worse. From the view of human comfort and happiness, the increase of population that occurs at each advance of human security is the greatest evil of life. The way of nature is for every species to increase nearly to its possible maximum of numbers, and then to improve through the pressure of that maximum against its limiting conditions by the crushing and killing of all the feebler individuals. The way of Nature has also been the way of humanity so far. But it is a conceivable and possible thing that this margin of futile struggling, pain and discomfort and death might be reduced to

[1]The Malthusian Limit.
[2]Ibid.

[2]Western Civilization and the Birthrate." Prof. Edward A. Ross, American Sociological Society, 1906.

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nearly nothing . . . by preventing the birth of those who would in the unrestricted interplay of natural forces be born to suffer and fail. The method of Nature 'red in tooth and claw' is to degrade, thwart, torture and kill the weakest and least adapted members of every species in existence in each generation, and so keep the specific average rising; the ideal of a scientific civilisation is to prevent those weaklings being born. In the civilised state it is now clearly possible to make the conditions of life tolerable for every living creature, provided the inferiors can be prevented from increasing and multiplying. But this latter condition must be respected."

The control of the birthrate is thus the key to progress. In it Havelock Ellis sees "the only available lever for raising the level of our race;"[1] and of its decline among the more civilised communities Woodruff remarks "instead of race suicide, it is race preservation. The awful density of populations in large cities is difficult to imagine—a density so great that three days' interference with the streams of food pouring in results in tens of thousands of deaths. What is the use of over-populating the land this way, and then feverishly increasing the food supply in a vain effort to stop starvation? . . . Why do we want the world's population to increase, if it is only to multiply the number in distress?"[2]

Tenfold greater becomes the menace from over-population by reason of the tendency of the birthrate to decrease among "good-class" births and to increase only among "bad-class." Population grows far faster at the bottom than at the top. The selective action of the birthrate "is not only a selection in favour of lower economic and social classes, but also very markedly a selection in favour of the foreign blood."[3] Difficult as it may be to suggest any remedy for this state of affairs, the necessity of finding one is no less apparent. There is in the widespread movement for the endowment of motherhood, with its special encouragement of good-quality births, a hint as to how bad-quality births might be discouraged through penalisation, and the Utopian schemes of Mr. Wells contemplate measures whereby absolutely effective guarantees should be taken to this end. These, however, can only be regarded as a temporary expedient until the uplifting forces otherwise operative in the community shall have eliminated from it any whose offspring would be unwelcome. The one effective method —as well as the easiest and quickest— of stopping the present excessive increase at the bottom of the social scale is, as already emphasised, to see to it that no such bottom exists, but that the community shall be as nearly as possible uniform throughout. To "compulsory education and the opportunities which are offered at present for intellectual improvement," Professor William B. Bailey, of Yale, looks for the solution of this problem. Mr. Balfour has recently pointed out that the remedy is to be found in this gradual movement of social reform in the conditions of life. "For it is education, sobriety, and some degree of well-being which lead to the control of the size of families, and as it is social amelioration which brings this result about, it is a result which we may view with equanimity."[4]

Regarding the theory that pressure of population upon means of subsistence is necessary as a whip to energy, we may dismiss it as a specious slur upon human motive. Sociologists of the Benjamin Kidd school argue that only through over-crowding and the struggle for existence can the ability and genius of the individual be developed and the advance of the race achieved. But this is in conflict with the fundamental hypothesis of democracy, to wit, that the welfare of the many should not be sacrificed to the advantage of the few. If the progress of mankind were indeed dependent upon the degradation of the masses in order that the struggle, the competition, might

[1]Problem of Race Regeneration.
[2]Expansion of Races.
[3]Miss Emily Balch of Wellesley.
[4]Haveolck Ellis, *supra.*

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continue, then would democracy be the most absurd and reactionary of political systems. Real democracy requires equals and the elimination of destructive social forces, and works in direct opposition to any so-called evolutionary method of progress. As to the military strength a nation might gain from excessive population, it is enough to say that not only is it doubtful that quantity is stronger than quality ("True, food for cannon is cheap. But cannon are not cheap. In the struggle, a nation which enjoys a safe margin from want possesses a decided advantage"—Bailey) but that, war being the antithesis of civilisation, the shaping of a community's internal development to meet the requirements of war stultifies civilisation itself. The argument only furnishes one more proof of the irreconcilability of war and progress and of the absolute necessity for a league of peace as a condition precedent to any lasting melioration of mankind. It may be mentioned that the selective action of war is eugenically the most disastrous, as shown by the aftermath of the Napoleonic wars.

Fourth. Intimately connected with and involving all three of the foregoing problems is that of immigration, the distinctively American problem. A stop must be put to the stream that is pouring into our midst the ignorant, degraded hordes of Europe and Asia. Least of all can a democracy afford to become mongrel. In the eight years following 1900, six million people—one-quarter of the total immigration to date—landed on our shores, a number sufficient to "repopulate all the five older New England states as they stand to-day" and nineteen of the newer states.[1] Foreign-born or of foreign parentage are: in Boston seventy per cent. of the population, in New York eighty per cent., in Milwaukee eighty-six per cent. (figures of 1908). Were we to eliminate these foreigners and their children, it has been estimated, says Ripley,[2] that "Chicago with to-day a population of over two millions would dwindle to a city of not much over one hundred thousand." Only fifty-three per cent. of our entire population in 1900 were native whites of native parents; of the remainder over thirteen per cent. were foreign-born and twelve per cent. coloured. In the New York City public schools there are some eighty-two nationalities represented.

"It is not alone the rapid increase in our immigration that merits attention. It is also the radical change in its character; in the source from whence it comes."[3] Down to 1875 there had been scarcely any immigration except from kindred or allied races. Then a great change took place. In 1903 more than seventy per cent. of the immigrants came from Austria-Hungary, Russia and Italy. In 1907, out of a million and a quarter, about nine hundred thousand were from those three countries. "We have even tapped the political sinks of Europe, and are now drawing large numbers of Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians."[4] The influx is chiefly from parts of Europe and Asia "where there is much less brain than the Aryan possesses —men of different breeds, difficult to amalgamate with Aryans, who cannot understand Aryan democracy."[5] Southern and southeastern Europeans form the bulk of our immigration, nationalities that are "with the exception of the South Americans the most mongrelised people of the world."[6] The net result has been to produce "a congeries of human beings, unparalleled for ethnic diversity anywhere on the face of the earth."[7]

Our culpable inaction in this regard has been due in large part to the traditional sentiment that America should be "an asylum for the oppressed," a sentiment that, says Grant, is "sweeping the nation toward a racial abyss."[8] Those "who desire that the United States should discharge the functions of a

[1]Wm. Z. Ripley, "Races in the United States," *Atlantic Monthly,* December, 1908.

[2, 3, 4, *Ibid.*

[5]Woodruff, *supra.*

[6]Race or Mongrel, Alfred P. Schultz.

[7]Ripley, *supra.*

[8]The Passing of the Great Race.

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world-asylum forget that asylums are not governed by their inmates."[1] "Why not acknowledge at once that our altruistic desire to help all lower races, even if they starve us, is suicidal, unscientific, a blunder?"

But perhaps the gravest question raised by this miscellaneous immigration is that of the resultant mixture of racial blood. Whatever may be poetically said of this country as the Melting Pot, the prosaic fact remains that the hope to evolve a superior race from a conglomeration of races is one upon which analogous experience throws much doubt. On this point, however, there exists among ethnologists a wide diversity of opinion. "Is the result likely to be a superior or an inferior type? Will the future American two hundred years hence be better or worse, as a physical being, because of his mongrel origin?" asks Ripley. "The greatest confusion of thinking exists on this topic. Evidence to support both sides of the argument is to be had for the seeking." While, on the one hand, he queries whether the whole evolutionary hypothesis does not compel us to think that through the variation of type from which effective choice by selection results, a favourable result will be the outcome, on the other hand, he queries whether "there may not emerge a physical type tending to revert to an ancestral one, older than any of the present European varieties. The law seems to be well supported elsewhere, that crossing between highly evolved varieties or types tends to bring about reversion to the original stock." He regards both, however, as unsettled, and looks to the future to decide. In a chapter entitled "The Mingling Place of Races,"[2] Giddings, after stating that in North and South America the population produced "will be a hybrid of elements more diverse than have hitherto been combined," remarks that "generations far in the future will know, what it is impossible for us to know or with much confidence predict, whether the qualities of such a race will be on the whole inferior or all in all superior to the qualities of the more homogeneous stocks that have bred in the world hitherto."

One writer goes so far as to say that "race-blending produces a type superior in fertility, utility and cultural worth to one or both of the parent stock."[3] But the general consensus is to the contrary. "The available evidence rather strongly supports the presumption that hybrids produced by the crossing of varieties much alike are vigourous, adaptive and competent. Quite different apparently are hybrids produced by the crossing of widely dissimilar varieties or races."[4] Likewise, the testimony of Schultz that "immigrants are of value to a country if the immigrants are of a race akin to that of the inhabitants, and if their number is not greater than can be absorbed." But that "the attempts at creating perfect man, or 'The American' by a fusion of all human beings is similar to the attempt at creating the perfect dog by a fusion of all canine races. Every animal breeder knows that this cannot be done." Unhesitating was the reply of Herbert Spencer, when questioned by Baron Kaneko as to the intermarriage of foreigners and Japanese which he characterised as one of the most difficult problems—"There is no difficulty at all. It should be positively forbidden. It is not at root a question of social philosophy. It is at root a question of biology. There is abundant proof, alike furnished by the intermarriage of human races and by the interbreeding of animals, that when the varieties mingled diverge beyond a certain slight degree the result is inevitably a bad one in the long run." "Let anyone who doubts the evils of the mixture of races and is inclined from mistaken philanthropy to break down all barriers between them, come to Brazil," wrote Agassiz. "He cannot deny the deterioration consequent upon an amalgamation of races." The history of civilisa-

[1] Mayo Smith.
[2] The Western Hemisphere in the World of To-morrow.
[3] The Effect of Racial Miscegenation, Earl.
[4] Giddings, *supra.*

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tion shows that racial stocks have never been mixed with profit, is the categorical statement of President Eliot in the matter.

In any event, the loss of the Anglo-Saxon ascendency through this foreign influx is clearly foreshadowed. Statistics show that immigration has not so much augmented the population as replaced therein the original Anglo-Saxon element; that, had there been no immigration at all since the early part of last century and had the native stock increased at its former rate, its descendants would now be equal in number to the total population to-day. "If the Melting Pot is allowed to boil without control, and we continue to blind ourselves to all 'distinctions of race, creed, and colour,' the type of native American of Colonial descent will become as extinct as the Athenian of the age of Pericles, and the Viking of the days of Rollo."[1] "Racial heterogeneity due to the direct influx of foreigners in large numbers, is aggravated by their relatively high rate of reproduction after arrival. The danger with us lies in the fact that the low and declining birthrate is primarily confined to the Anglo-Saxon contingent," says Ripley. "And yet, after all," he concludes, in a burst of optimism with which we may fittingly end this discussion, "is the word 'danger' well considered for use in this connection? Encompassing these racial phenomena with the wide, sweeping vision of a Darwin, Huxley, or Wallace, dare we deny an ultimate unity of origin to all the peoples of Europe?" The Anglo-Saxon's burden is "so to nourish, uplift, and inspire all these immigrant peoples of Europe that in due course of time, even if the Anglo-Saxon stock be physically inundated by the engulfing flood, the torch of its civilisation and ideals may still continue to illuminate the way."

From the foregoing review of the dangers threatening democracy the necessity of measures along the suggested lines will be apparent. Through their adoption, it is submitted that the initial mistakes of democracy may be retrieved, its safety and progress assured; that unless and until they are adopted, however, there is little hope for improvement in the body politic but, on the contrary, ground for misgiving as to the outcome of that great democratic experiment in which we are embarked and upon which the attention of all nations is focussed.

[1]Passing of the Great Race, *supra.*

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AMERICAN PAINTING

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

PERHAPS the most valuable and unquestionably the rarest of mortal faculties is the instinctive, instantaneous and occult ability to detect and to appreciate the essential gist of things. To apprehend from the thousand and more deceptive, contradictory and inconsequential indications the significant indication is a knack possessed by about one human being out of every half million. When all is said and done, this supreme acuteness of perception is the animating component of all vital criticism (which remains at best mostly a felicitous and inspired hinting), and compared to the clairvoyant accuracy of this kind of second sight, so to speak, the most profound demonstration of a literal nature appears a mere futile waste of effort. A dominant attribute of genius, it is warred against persistently and vehemently by collective stupidity. Collective stupidity hates and fears it because the possessing it makes for power. It is inarticulate. It cannot explain the unconscious process by which it reaches its conclusions and convictions. It is a blind, unreasoning bump of locality. If you look for a manifestation of it in Wall Street, you find it buying Steel Common at twenty-two when the community in general is buying government bonds. In the art world it buys Corots at fifty dollars apiece. When the rank and file have recognised Corot's merits, and conventional competition is boosting his prices to unheard of heights, it turns its attention to Monet, Manet, Degas, Pissarro. In this country, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke conclusively demonstrated his possession of this superlative prescience when he stocked his house from cellar to garret with the paintings of one George Inness, paintings accumulated at an average price, I believe, of anywhere from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars apiece.

Irrelevant as these few remarks may at first sight appear, I am, nevertheless, compelled to urge them upon the attention of the reader. I am trying to throw into sharp and unmistakable relief the capacity of accurate and original discernment as opposed to the average poverty of imagination and lack of inspirational insight. It is this latter condition, apparently inherent in the scheme of things, that must be appreciated if we are to understand and to combat the abysmal and incredible short-sightedness that we encounter in any consideration of American painting. I confess I am at times almost discouraged at the enormous amount of obtuseness and perverted preconception that obstructs and obscures a clear and comprehensive revelation of this subject. Not only must the critical faculty exert itself in its accustomed task of discrimination, but the press agent must justify the critic's efforts by first proclaiming and demonstrating the fact that such a thing as American painting really exists. It does not exist for eight out of every ten persons. It may have existed once or it may be going to exist in some miraculous and problematical future, but the possibility that it is right bang in front of them now never by any chance enters their heads. The duck takes to water no more inevitably than the human mind takes to fallacy; but in the matter of American painting it is more than fallacy that we encounter, it is sheer, inexplicable ignorance. Persons whose one and only distinguishing characteristic appears to be a total unreceptiveness to what is going on directly under their very noses are allowed to write about the conditions of art in this country. Apparently they know absolutely nothing about the conditions of art in this country. They are either congenitally unsympathetic to the point of view of

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American painting—therefore obviously unable to accord it an equitable consideration—or they are completely out of touch with the concrete and demonstrable trend of things. I say concrete and demonstrable advisedly. Whether for good or ill, the physical and external aspects of the art of painting are almost inextricably woven into the question of an intrinsic artistic merit, and in recording them one is merely dealing with the impersonal and unprejudiced matter of statistics. There may properly exist a difference of opinion over the abstract question of æsthetic merit. Later, when I shall indulge a few estimates of my own regarding the individual significance of certain American painters, I shall accept the possibility that my preferences may be wrong and that yours may be right. But there must be a common meeting ground even for the widest subsequent disagreements, and this meeting ground can be none other than a mutual recognition of existing actualities. I would put the following questions to the professional disparagers of American painting: Are you acquainted with the conditions about you? Why have you ignored the consistent and unmistakable significance of the American auction-room records of the last ten years? Have you even so much as followed them? Why do you suppose that houses of fundamental foreign affiliations like Knoedler and Company and Scott and Fowles are considering it advisable to advertise their participation in the handling of American paintings? You do not suppose that they are doing it for love, do you? Do you know or care a row of beans about any of these things, or are you concerned merely in maintaining your idiosyncrasies of personal prejudice and inclination?

It is not my habit to speak disparagingly of the writings of others, but I cannot resist using as an illustration, a sort of text, so to speak, an article that very recently appeared in one of the most prodigal of our popular magazines. The article was really pre-eminent for the consistency of the misinformation that trickled through it. It was one of those kinds of articles that make a facile appeal by utilising the line of least resistance. Human beings readily assimilate the sort of thing they have been hearing for years; offer them a new point of view and you come perilously close to offending them. In this case the line of least resistance consisted in calling attention to the lack of an artistic atmosphere in this country, the inability of the native painter to make a living, the fact that there was no American painting and never would be under the circumstances, the fact that we had no patrons of contemporary native talent, and so on and so on. Well, after we have satisfied ourselves that we are really awake and have not dreamed this remarkable statement, we ask ourselves, seriously and a little bewilderedly, where this person could have come from who writes on American painting and yet has apparently not progressed beyond the point of view of a quarter of a century ago. An anecdote is included of a Frenchwoman who purchased a painting by Claude Monet for two hundred francs when that painter was struggling obscurely through the early stages of his career. Speculation being the most alluring and popular side of art, we have heard this sort of thing from time immemorial. But the same thing has repeatedly taken place in the art of this country. Our writer instances this lady as an example of a class of dilletanti indispensable to the encouraging and maintaining of each oncoming generation of artists. The gentleman's contentions, proclaimed with the royal irresponsibility of utter ignorance, touch their high-water mark in the monstrous and incredible statement that we have no such class in this country, that we have only collectors of assured and redoubtable works of art, that, in other words, we have no supporters of contemporary native talent.

One cannot help wondering what Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, Mr. William Evans, the late Mr. George Hearn, the famous Mr. Freer of Detroit, Mr. Burton

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Mansfield of New Haven, Dr. Alexander Humphries, Mr. Alexander Hudnut and fifty other collectors of American art would think of this remarkable statement. No supporters of contemporary American painting! What kind of American painting? Could our friend have had in mind those innumerable young gentlemen of extreme and exotic predilections whose acutest reactions to art are secured over a café table? Our friend may very possibly have mistaken some frustrated effort of Macdougal Alley for the conditions obtaining in the authentic and nation-wide activities of American painting. Obviously, his intelligence and his sensibilities have not been quickened into an ability to distinguish between those kinds of American painting that are substantial and permanent, and those kinds that are transient and inconsequential. That dominant continuity of purpose and achievement, that is as clearly discernible in our painting as the backbone in the human anatomy, does not exist for our friend who writes as though this country had never known an Inness, a Winslow Homer, a Blakelock, an Alden Weir, a J. Francis Murphy among its painters, and a Freer, a Hearn, an Evans and so on among its collectors. As a matter of cold fact, it is open to question whether any nation—even the French nation—has shown a more inspired capacity for appraising the future possibilities of its native talent than this nation has shown. What shall our friend say of Mr. Freer's anticipation of Whistler's prestige at a time when Whistler's reputation was founded on idiosyncrasy rather than on intrinsic merit? What shall he say of the score of Dwight W. Tryons owned by Mr. Freer, of the score of J. Francis Murphys owned by Mr. Hudnut? What shall he say of the original impulse given to a native art by the extraordinary perspicacity of the aforementioned Mr. Thomas B. Clarke? It has been estimated that Mr. Clarke possessed, at one time, over a hundred pictures by George Inness, pictures purchased direct from the artist. If this is to any degree an exaggeration, it is so slight a one that it may well pass for the truth. If our friend will go into the house of William Macbeth, dealer in American paintings, he can very probably secure a list of a half hundred names of persons in the city of New York alone who are acquiring, and have been acquiring for years back, paintings by American artists at prices ranging from four or five thousand dollars down to two hundred and fifty dollars or less. Supporters of American painting! Market for American painting! I should not be surprised if there were two collectors of American painting to every one collector of foreign painting. How else shall we explain the obvious prosperity of the house of William Macbeth, a house that has dealt exclusively in paintings by American artists? How else shall we explain the fact that a hundred or two hundred American artists who need to sell, at the very least, a dozen paintings a year in order to make a living, manage to make a living? Evidently there is a market for American paintings.

I emphasise the following facts: For a score or more of years now we have seen a certain class of American painting consistently increase in market value, artistic prestige and popular appeal. I wish to underline the fact that this statement is not an expression of an individual opinion. Whatever my own personal feelings may be as regards the subject of American painting (for that matter, whatever yours may be), I merely say: Here are the records, the cold, concrete, impersonal, ascertainable records. And these records demonstrate beyond the faintest shadow of a doubt that there is such a thing as American painting, that a certain distinct trend is observable, and that this trend is accorded by the American people the kind of recognition and patronage that makes for permanence. A quarter of a century's steady, sure, natural growth has secured the position of Inness and Winslow Homer. Veritable giants, both of them, we do not hesitate now to ask whether

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the kind of painting they represent has ever been more successfully exploited. Allied to them in breadth and nobility of vision, although falling indubitably short of them in technical facility and beauty of handling, we have Martin, Wyant and Fuller. In our immediate time the tradition of these men has been exquisitely ramified by the notable activities of Hassam and Weir, the fluent if somewhat mellifluous charm of Tryon and the really remarkable subtility of Murphy. There can be not the slightest doubt that the increasing popularity of the American painter has been the feature of essential significance in the auction-room records of recent years. A price brought by a certain picture, interesting though it may be, cannot be accepted as conclusive. In the present instance, however, the thing we simply cannot get away from is the slow, sure, inevitable growth of a substantial appreciation in the market values of the best kind of American paintings. During the last year a Winslow Homer sold for twenty-seven thousand dollars, an Inness for forty thousand dollars. Among living painters J. Francis Murphy led with his "November Greys" bought by Mr. Palmer, of New London, for seven thousand five hundred dollars. In the famous Alexander Humphries' sale (the conspicuous feature of the last winter's art activities), Murphy's "Approach to an Old Farm," for which Dr. Humphries had originally paid nine hundred and some odd dollars, sold for five thousand dollars. The famous Fuller, "Girl with Turkeys," bought by Dr. Humphries for two thousand five hundred dollars, sold in this sale for fifteen thousand six hundred dollars. These prices are not sporadic. They are not the work of a clique. They are not the result of a spurious manipulation on the part of one house or a group of houses. They have simply just happened. Twenty years ago Martin, Inness, Wyant, Homer and Blakelock could have been purchased for two hundred dollars up to a thousand. A half dozen years ago Murphy could have been bought for one-third the price he consistently sells at to-day. His "Misty Morning," purchased in 1911 for eight hundred and fifty dollars, sold in 1917 for three thousand five hundred dollars, a profit of over two hundred per cent. for the purchaser. And before we take leave of this rather barren matter of statistics, let it be emphatically recognised that American painting has done what it has done in the face of an almost overwhelming foreign competition, the prestige of continental precedent, the prejudice of stupidity or dishonesty and the obtuseness of critic and press. There has been no press agent working for the American painter in this country; the press agenting has all been in the favour of the foreign goods, counterfeit or legitimate, that have been literally dumped into this country from abroad for the last fifty years. If American painting has done what it has done under conditions of so adverse a nature, we may safely assume that it possesses an inherent strength of unquestionable significance.

Now how shall we reconcile these indubitable and demonstrable realities with the vast amount of a seemingly ineradicable prejudice, ignorance and extremity of opinion that we encounter among the younger set of painters and critics? Perhaps the following few suggestions may be not altogether impertinent:

By the very nature of the case, America has always been a kind of enormous receptacle for the art of Europe. A young land, loosely cultured, stupendously wealthy, it has been looked upon, consciously or otherwise, as a legitimate prey by the salesmen of exotic wares. Now it is perfectly obvious that, in the beginning, whatever art we had must, of necessity, be imported. We were able to pay any price for art. There was no limit. Art values rose to such exorbitant heights that Europe simply could not or would not compete with us. Foreign art dealers concentrated their attention on this country. Branch offices were opened. Corots, Daubignys, Diazs and so on *ad infinitum* came pouring

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into this country. Then we had the Dutch landscape men, Israels, Mauve, the Maris brothers. Then came Monet, Manet, Pissarro, Degas, and so on and so on.

Now it should be recognised beyond the shadow of a dispute that in acquiring the works of foreign painters the American millionaire is acting quite within his rights. If an extraordinary Hals, Rembrandt, Turner, Corot and so forth is on the market, there is no reason why Mr. Frick or Mr. William Clarke should not buy it. The trouble is that in the beginning this overwhelming flood of foreign art swept the critical equilibrium of this country clear off its feet. Instead of our native painting being accepted and judged impartially and dispassionately, it was either completely ignored by the class of persons that ought to have known better, or fatuously and indiscriminately patronised by a class of persons that knew absolutely nothing. To this day—although conditions have materially improved—the outstanding characteristic of artistic activity in this country remains the lack of unprejudiced perceptions and appraisals on the part of contemporary discrimination. A publicity and emphasis that might better be accorded any one of a score of our men is too often accorded to infirm Whistlers, Monets of feeble quality, indifferent Barbizons, and so on. Our reporters of painting—too seldom do they merit the once honourable appellation, critic—are lacking that poise of perception which instantaneously and inevitably distinguishes between a spurious originality and a genuine progress, a transient prettiness and a valid beauty. They are so fearful lest they be considered parochial that they go to the extreme of a persistent preoccupation with alien activity and excess. They have not achieved an indispensable neutrality between the sentimental claims of a local talent and the fallacious lure of exotic prestige, the stultifying influence of precedent and the illusion of modernity. Of course exceptions must be made. Reviewing the exhibition at the Carnegie Institute some years ago, the brilliant and fearless art critic of *Town Topics* (yes, I said *Town Topics*) had this to say of Murphy's "Brow of the Knoll," a picture now owned by Mr. Alexander Hudnut: "But even contemporary French and English landscape fails to compete with the kind of work J. Francis Murphy is doing." Honourable mention should also be made of the efforts of Mr. Caffin, Mr. Royal Cortissoz of the *New York Tribune,* a man of wholesome common sense, nimble wit and gracious susceptibility, and Mr. Duncan Phillips, cultured and disciplined aristocrat of æsthetics. I advance and recommend the point of view of these gentlemen not because their estimates of individual merit agree with mine (as a matter of fact, I deplore Mr. Caffin's wholesale endorsement of Tryon, and Mr. Cortissoz's protuberant predilection for Alden Weir), but merely because they are aware of conditions about them and because they respond sympathetically and intelligently to these conditions. Criticism has never sold pictures to that legendary character, the bloated bondholder, but it can and should induce a favourable and intelligent receptivity on the part of the public. That is all one can ask of it. And yet, curiously enough, if the American painter need no longer die in order to make a living, thanks are due to the sagacity of the American business man and to the common sense of the American people. The Thomas B. Clarke sale of American pictures, held in New York City February 14, 15, 16 and 17, 1899, directed the attention of the American people to the fact that pictures were being produced in this country that were not only selling for real money, but were bringing, proportionately, the kind of prices that Barbizons were bringing. A buying movement set in; the future of American painting was secured. In these days when the contemporary painter—Dewing, Tryon, Weir, Murphy, Dessar, Dearth—asks thousands of dollars for a painting, and, what is

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more, gets it, it is sad to think that Martin, Wyant, Robinson and Twachtman were fortunate if they could dispose of their paintings at all, and that Blakelock, undernourished and harassed beyond endurance, was consigned to an asylum for the insane. This, however, is one of art's eternal platitudes, a platitude more common perhaps to painting than to any other of the arts.

Unfortunately, while all these developments were taking place, young America, identifying art with a smoking jacket and a bow tie, abandoned the frugal and necessitous isolation of its homeland to seek its fortune in the inspiring environment of continental æsthetics. It was assumed that one could express one's self in Paris more easily than in Perth Amboy. Of course there was something to this, but not everything. So it happened that during the time George Inness was putting the soul of this country on canvas, and Winslow Homer was absorbing the rugged, stark, spray-spattered spirit of the Maine Coast, and Wyant and Murphy were absorbing the spirit of the Catskills, our young men were absorbing the spirit of Montmartre. These young men were painting very much like other young men. They gathered together in precious and exclusive conclave. They became active partisans of "movements." They learned how to do it very much as the other fellows did, but in gaining a cosmopolitan facility they lost their æsthetic soul. There can be absolutely no question over the fact that sometimes they justified themselves by improving upon their models. Our Mr. Childe Hassam, for example, is a hundred times a stronger painter than Mr. Claude Monet. Unfortunately, the spirit back of the work of these men has lost something of what one might call an original integrity. In a word, it is not an indispensable point of view. Unfortunately again, it is too often this sort of thing that foreign critics see when they come here. They do not see Fuller's "Girl with Turkeys," Inness' "Tenafly Oaks" or "Midsummer Foliage," Murphy's "Brow of the Knoll" or "Upland Pastures, Morning," that noble, luminous apotheosis of homely, naked, native soil owned by Mr. Adolph Lewesohn. As for our younger men, both painters and critics of painting, I repeat that their reaction to the spirit of our native atmosphere has been perhaps irremediably impaired and adulterated by influences fictitiously and, I dare add, cheaply ultra. They have facts to their finger tips on Matisse, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, but they know next to nothing about Weir, Tryon, Murphy, Wyant, Inness, Homer, Martin, Blakelock. They plead for a national music and ignore a national painting. They do not realise that an authentic æstheticism reveals itself through its ability to recognise and appraise, each for their individual inherent worth, things widely, even totally, dissimilar. A supreme capacity for the appreciation of "Tristan" need not preclude an enjoyment of "Butterfly"; one may yield upon occasions to the hypnotic ecstasy of Debussy's harmonic system, and yet retain a vigourous response to the rugged, primitive energy, humour and pathos of a folk-song. But our younger set holds a fine scorn for the kind of painter that I have endorsed in these pages. Apparently, said younger set is unaware of or indifferent to the fact that for a quarter of a century now the pictures painted by the American painter have been steadily increasing in value, and that a steady accumulation of these pictures by collectors and museums scattered throughout the country is in progress. Why should our professional progressives, our chronic malcontents, react favourably to a wistful, rural, sentimental and spiritual point of view that, however much it may reflect the essential gist and pith of this country's innate identity, yet remains incomprehensible to their complex and supersophisticated organisms? We may feel that a Murphy and a Wyant, with their affectionate response to the arid pathos of naked and isolated areas, are the equivalent to a verse of Burns or

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a folk-song; our friends who are out of touch with the stark humanity, the frank, sweet winds and wood odours that permeate these pictures, fail to see that a characteristic American spirit has been perceived and permanently recorded. Who of them could recognise, for example, the chill, chaste, reticent New England spirit that Mr. Alden Weir places so consummately upon canvas? Why should they recognise a thing that they have not felt? Art is not altogether—as so many would have us think—a detached, impersonal thing; at its greatest it is experience miraculously welded into patterns so sheerly beautiful that we should enjoy them if for nothing more than the beauty, and quite regardless of the significance of their contents. But if we would receive the full import of the work of art, we must be in a thorough sympathy with the actuating spirit back of it. Here is one of those obvious things so obvious that it is constantly ignored or forgotten. A mere exposition, no matter how earnest, honest and intense, of a mood, experience, racial characteristic and so on must not detain us if it falls short of a certain measure of artistic facility. For example, that vastly overestimated work "Boris Godounoff" is a curiosity, if you will, but hardly a work of art; and no one in their senses would urge a consideration of parochial or national artistic activity if, from a technical standpoint, that activity were incompetent. We can maintain, however, that in the best work of the American painter a perfect co-ordination is accomplished between a veracious representation and a superb and satisfying craftsmanship. That we hesitate to believe in the excellence of our painters is, as I have repeatedly pointed out, a survival of that time in our history when we valued European art not dispassionately and on its merits, but, instead, with a kind of wholesale, take-it-for-grantedness now happily a part of the past. Even yet it is a little difficult for us to acknowledge that an *Ethan Frome* is a piece of literature that may hold its own in any company, or that an Inness such as was on exhibition last season at the gallery of Messrs. Scott and Fowles may be the equal of any painting of its kind that the world has so far seen.

Much to my regret, the space at my disposal has not allowed me to attempt a sheerly critical estimate of the collective and individual work of American painting. As to this collective and individual worth opinions differ. Many will dismiss American painting for a negligible thing scarce worth an argument, a mere sterile replica of the art of the past. Others, besides the present writer, believe that it possesses an integrity of its own, and that it may even represent an inestimable development in the art of painting. However this may be, this article has attempted merely to emphasise those features of the matter that are susceptible to an actual demonstration, and to record certain saliences of an unmistakable sequence and significance.

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THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

AN APRIL SEQUENCE

I

Premonition

WHERE does the wind from the wilding blow
  Troubling the dream-caught woods of dawn
With hushed remembrance of woven music
  Out of the shadowy gates of horn?

Under the still-fringed water-meadows
  Colour is veining the grassy ways.
Over the dove-clad clouds of winter
  A lark's cry falls through the ringing haze.

Wind and water and star-paled heaven
  Mingle in colour and whisper of wind.
Earth and air call unto the Father.
  Can April wonder be far behind?

II

Tiding

When all the tides of April
  Are rising in the air,
And flowing grass and cloud
  And sea are fair,

Light circles in the flower
  And flesh and foam,
And body unto body
  Now turns home,

**"The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series will continue throughout the year, and, probably in the November number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names. In the meantime, correspondence regarding the poems and their authorship is invited by the Editor.*

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While He whom, clad in colour
And dream and prayer,
Light heralds, rises naked,
And white, and fair.

III

That skylark curving toward the south
And circling idly up the wind,
Unmindful of the winter's way,
Leaves melody behind.

Proclaiming through his arch of gold
From heaven high to earth's deep,
The wind that blows the stars to flame
Cradles flowers in their sleep.

IV

April Flame

Wind of the foaming air,
Ripple over my heart,
With April flame bend low,
Of mine a part.

Flower of the western sky,
Blow in my flesh,
With April laughter mine,
Caught in my mesh.

Stars of the budding night,
Shine on my brow:
Make of these smouldering fires
White wisdom now!

V

Why grieve to see the light in air,
Or sigh, of April fain?
White orchards all afoam with stars
Shall flower the dreaming plain.

For spring comes white with morning,
And laughs the clouds away.
Why grieve that April flame is fled?
Arise, and shout with May!

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AFTERNOON

Some one is coming to call.

Up the red brick path between daffodils dancing
I see white ruffles that blow:
A parasol, dipping against the sun.
It is some one stout, and warm in her new white gloves.

My old green apron is smudged with the garden-mould.
My hands are the hands of a peasant-woman. My hair
Comes tumbling down into my eyes.

I wish I could lie down flat like a child
And hide in the grass, while she rings and rings,
And sticks her card under the door with a sigh,
And puffs away down the path.
I wish—but the parasol bobs,
And she bobs like a mandarin's lady,
Smiling and bridling and beckoning.

If I were a daffodil, in an apron of green and gold—

But there she stands on the path,
And her gloves are so new they squeak with newness and stoutness,
And I know she will talk of the weather and stay an hour—

If I were a daffodil—
Or a little cool blinking bug
Down in the daffodil leaves—

TO BUTTERFLY

Do you remember how the twilight stood
And leaned above the river just to see
If still the crocus buds were in her hood,
And if her robes were gold or shadowy?
Do you remember how the twilight stood
When we were lovers and the world our wood?

And then, one night, when we could find no word,
But silence trembled like a heart—like mine!—
And suddenly that moon-enraptured bird
Awoke and all the darkness turned to wine?
How long ago that was! And how absurd
For us to own a wood that owned a bird!

They tell me there are magic gardens still,
And birds that sleep to wake and dream to sing,
And streams that pause for crocus skies to fill;
But they that told were lovers and 'twas spring.
Yet why the moon to-night's a daffodil
When it is March—Do you remember, still?

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THE LAST SUCKLING

Mother, in some sad evening long ago,
  From thy young breast my groping lips were taken,
  Their hunger stilled, so soon again to waken,
But nevermore that holy food to know.

Ah! nevermore! for all the child might crave!
  Ah! nevermore! through years unkind and dreary!
  Often of other fare my lips are weary,
Unwearied once of what thy bosom gave.

(Poor wordless mouth that could not speak thy name!
  At what unhappy revels has it eaten
  The viands that no memory can sweeten,—
The banquet found eternally the same!)

Then fell a shadow first on thee and me,
  And tendrils broke that held us two how dearly!
  Once infinitely thine, then hourly, yearly,
Less thine, as less the worthy thine to be!

(O mouth that yet should kiss the mouth of Sin!
  Were lies so sweet, now bitter to remember?
  Slow sinks the flame unfaithful to an ember;
New beauty fades and passion's wine is thin.)

How poor an end of that solicitude
  And all the love I had not from another!
  Peace to thine unforgetting heart, O Mother,
Who gav'st the dear and unremembered food!

HE SINGS BECAUSE HIS WIFE HAS GONE OUT OF THE HOUSE

He sings because his wife has gone out of the house:
Bending over the table in the twilight of the room
He sings soft old things he sang when he was a boy,
And near his chair stays listening a grey mouse.

He sings because the gay loud woman is out in the town,
And in his heart there is a quiet, and the room is so still
That the grey mouse preens its whiskers far away from the wall,
For the man's voice is dreamy and kind like those who are very ill.

And he wonders if some day his wife will go out of the house
And leave him alone with the mouse, too still to feel more
Than the waves and the waves of quiet in the darkened room,
As he lies with the sun on his face through a chink of the door.

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THE PSYCHOANALYSTS

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

In 1895 an unostentatious book quietly appeared in Leipzig and Vienna entitled *Studies of Hysteria (Studien über Hysterie),* written jointly by two authors, Dr. Josef Breuer and Dr. Sigmund Freud. There was no public ready to receive the book; it attracted little attention, and had a small sale. In England and America it remained almost unknown, so that it is now a satisfaction to the present writer to recall that perhaps the first full and sympathetic exposition in English of the views set forth in this book appeared in the first volume of his own *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* in 1898. Yet these studies of hysteria, as an attentive reader could scarcely fail to realise, turned over a new page in medical psychology, and the new page was of fascinating interest. A case of hysteria was no longer to be regarded as on the psychic side, almost beneath a physician's serious attention, nor was it to be settled merely by an accurate description of the physical symptoms, after the manner of Charcot's school, to which, in the first place, Freud himself had belonged. It was a mystery to be patiently investigated, a mystery to which the key often lay far back and forgotten in the patient's history, and when skilfully used, with knowledge and insight, the patient's medical history acquired not only psychological significance, but something of the interest of a novel. Freud himself clearly recognised this and stated, even in this first book, that it was by a representation of psychic processes, "such as we are accustomed to receive from the poet," that he had gained his insight into the nature of hysteria.

Priority in the inception of the ideas contained in this book, and the treatment based on them, belongs, as Professor Freud has since acknowledged, to the elder writer, Dr. Breuer. After acting as the missionary for the conversion of his more famous colleague, Breuer disappears from the psychoanalytic scene. He was indeed an unconscious if not unwilling missionary in this field. He pointed out the road, but could not accompany the disciple far along it. He signed with Freud the statement in the Preface that "sexuality plays a leading part in the causation of hysteria," and elsewhere makes the emphatic statement on his own account that "the great majority of serious neuroses in women arise from the marriage-bed." But it would appear, from what Freud has more recently said, that on this fundamental question of sex Breuer never fully shared the revelation, as Freud has himself put it, Breuer guided him to an insight which he himself never gained.

The process, so far as the change of attitude toward sex is concerned, may deliberately be termed "conversion," and it is that term *(Bekehrung)* which Freud himself applies to it; for we may best understand it as of the nature of a religious conversion, a changed attitude toward the world and the revelation of a mission in life.

We have to remember that Freud was the pupil of Charcot and under Charcot's inspiration was preparing to devote himself to the physical aspects of nervous disease and to physical treatment, especially electro-therapeutics. Charcot was indifferent to the psychic side of his cases and—following the French medical tradition and well seconded by his pupils—he regarded the recognition of a sex element in the causation of disease as degrading. That

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attitude was the outcome of the whole of Charcot's temperament and habit in approaching disease, as was clear at once to anyone who saw him—as I still vividly recall him—in his dealings with patients at the Salpêtrière. One realised that he felt a complete mastery of the case and that he regarded it as a purely physical problem; for the patient himself, and for any communication that the patient might be able to make, he felt evidently an almost contemptuous disdain. There could be no attitude more directly opposed to that which Freud ultimately reached. But it was in that atmosphere Freud was trained to approach nervous disorders. We can well believe that, when at length faced by the mysterious Sphinx of sex he had flouted and met with the stern demand why he had persecuted her, Freud passed through a deep spiritual upheaval, a complete revelation comparable to that experienced by a still greater Jewish apostle of truth in days of old on the road to Damascus. If we are tempted to think, as most of us certainly are tempted to think, that the convert has sometimes been dazzled by his new vision and drawn by his convictions to excess, we may learn to view these results with a more sympathetic tolerance if we understand how, certainly on the basis of a favourable soil, they were originally brought about.

It can scarcely be said that there seems to us much excess to-day in this early volume of *Studies on Hysteria,* although, Freud tells us, its unconventional views sufficed to create around him a vacant space even in the circle of his friends. Much as the Freudian doctrines and formulas have been transformed since, not only was the sexual element in the causation of hysteria here clearly recognised at the outset, but the chief lines of its psychic mechanism were set forth. The doctrine of the "suppression" of unpleasant, and usually sexual, experiences into the unconscious was there, and, Freud has lately declared, "the doctrine of suppression is now the foundation pier on which the structure of psychoanalysis rests." There was also the doctrine of "conversion," by which an emotional experience may be changed into a physical, and usually pathological, phenomenon having no conscious or apparent resemblance to its emotional cause, which this process, more or less, relieves and removes, so that, as Freud expressed it, "the hysterical symptoms are built up at the cost of the remembered emotions;" at the origin the physical pain or disability had been associated, in time, with the emotional experience, but the link had never been recognised in consciousness. We see again in this book the conception of "symbolism," which was afterward to play so important and so much discussed a part in Freud's teaching; in this first book, however, the symbolism of objects was, as Freud has since acknowledged, overlooked though present, and the symbolism revealed was a symbolism of situations, a sexual situation being represented by an analogous situation on a different and more avowable plane; it was, therefore, more a physiological than a psychic symbolism. In this first book, once more, we have the tendency for the sexual exciting cause of the disorder to be traceable further and further back toward early life, although there was, as yet, no definite assertion of "infantile sexuality," which was not put forward until 1905. Finally, the Freudian method of treatment was in principle here established as a method of drawing out and bringing to the surface of consciousness a repressed and corroding element, a method by Breuer termed "cathartic," though Freud himself later termed it "analytic," probably because he felt unable to accept Breuer's conception of "a foreign body in consciousness." No extreme position at any point can, indeed, be said to be taken in this first book, and it is probable that many to-day who view psychoanalysis with horror might peruse the volume

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with a degree of assent they would not have felt when it was published, for even the opponents of Freud have now absorbed some of the ideas he has flung into modern currents of thought.

For my own part, it seemed a fascinating book even when it was first published, and I read it with sympathy and real enlightenment, if perhaps some reserves of judgment. The attitude of Charcot toward sex in relation to hysteria was by no means universally shared in England. Various physicians had stated their belief that the sexual emotions, by no means necessarily or usually in their coarser aspects, played an important part in the causation of hysteria. I had myself, a year earlier (in *Man and Woman*), ventured to express the opinion that the part played by the sexual emotions in hysteria was underestimated. So that I was fully prepared to accept the conclusions of the authors of the *Studien über Hysterie,* and indeed read the book with rare intellectual delight, not because its thesis agreed with my own, but because that thesis was presented with a sympathetic intuition and a power of skilful analysis which had never before, even by Janet, been expended on the delicate and elusive mechanisms of the disordered emotions. I still think that there is no simpler or more persuasive introduction to Freud's work than his first book.

Freud was pleased with my recognition of the book and from that time began an exchange of publications and occasionally of letters. He found in my *Studies* helpful suggestions in the development of his own doctrine, suggestions which I had not myself been inclined to carry to an extreme or dogmatic form. In this way he was encouraged by the "Histories" of normal persons in the third volume of my *Studies,* as well as by an instructive article published by Sanford Bell in the *American Journal of Psychology,* to follow up the task he had already begun of pushing back the sexual origins of neuroses to an ever earlier age, and especially to extend this early origin so as to cover not only neurotic but ordinary individuals, an extension of pivotal importance, for it led to the Freudian doctrine becoming, instead of a mere clue to psychopathology, a principle of universal psychological validity. In this way he finally reached that conception of constitutional "infantile sexuality" which he regards as so fundamental, and his opponents as so horrible. He also adopted some of my terminology, such as "auto-erotism" and "Narcissism." The first of these two terms, however, I may remark, the Freudians have often perverted and confused. This was not entirely due to Freud himself who, when in 1905 he first adopted the term, found its chief significance in the fairly legitimate sense of a sexual impulse which was not directed toward other persons and found its satisfaction in the individual's own person. But, subsequently, Freudians have often used the term to indicate a sexual impulse which not only found its satisfaction within the individual's own person, but was actually directed toward his own person. Now that is what I had termed Narcissism, and regarded as a sub-division of the great group of auto-erotic phenomena. The essential characteristic of an auto-erotic manifestation, as I had devised the term, was that the erotic impulse arose spontaneously and from within and was not evoked from without in response to the developed normal appeal of an attractive external influence. I formed the word on the model of such words as "automobile," which means moving *by itself,* and not, as the Freudians would have it, *toward itself.* I regard erotic dreams in sleep and erotic reverie in waking life as the typical form of auto-erotism, and the term seemed to me a convenient way of grouping together a large number of phenomena for which no common name had previously existed. That is why I consider that the Freudian tendency to limit the term to

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a single group of manifestations is illegitimate and confusing, for it stultifies a useful name for which there is no other convenient equivalent. So far as I know, indeed, no Freudian has attempted to justify this perversion of the term.

The point is worth mentioning because it indicates a frequent Freudian tendency to looseness in definition. This is to be noted, but not altogether to be blamed. Definitions are not so essential in the biological sciences as in the mathematical sciences. Moreover, the Freudians are at the beginning of their science, if science it may be termed, while precisely accurate definitions come at the end of an investigation and not at the beginning. This looseness of definition has been a part of the vital growth, the perpetually shifting new development, which has so strikingly marked Freud's work.

Freud's conceptions have indeed grown marvellously. The *Studien über Hysterie* have long been left behind. He is perpetually remoulding his ideas, as his experience widens and his insight becomes more penetrating, introducing new ideas, extending them into new fields. From hysteria psychoanalysis was applied to other groups of psycho-neurotic disorders: first to morbid obsessions and impulsions, then to all sorts of psychic disorders, including various forms of insanity, though it may be doubted whether it has worked out as well in any of them as in hysteria; and in the severe forms of mental disease, as Freud himself has pointed out, it is helpless. The application of the Freudian ideas to the normal child was, as has been said, a pivot on which the whole doctrine has turned. It involved, first of all, a new elaborate analysis of all that is meant by sexuality. The infant, the young child, is, of course, not sexual in the limited and localised sense which we have in mind when we think of sexuality in the adult. In the young child, as viewed by Freud, sexuality is generalised and may take on many forms—forms which in later life, if we found them associated with a specific underlying sexual impulse, we should call perverse. Therefore Freud regards the child as "polymorph-perverse" and, as is indeed well recognised (and as my own investigations had repeatedly shown), the sexual perversions of later life may largely be regarded as a persistence of, or a return to, the impulses of child life. The extreme and pronounced way in which Freud set forth his doctrine of infantile sexuality aroused much opposition and resentment among many people who failed to realise that sex in early life is a very different thing from sex in adult life. Later Freud deprived this objection of its force by a dextrous turn of the artist's hand, which became necessary at the point he had reached; he enlarged the whole conception of sexuality, and "Libido" for him became practically the manifestation of any pleasurable desire. The extension of the Freudian domain to cover the normal child necessarily led on to the inclusion of the normal adult and all his activities. Freud was greatly helped and encouraged here by the application of psychoanalysis to dreams. We may all, he holds, apply psychoanalysis to ourselves, and demonstrate the validity of its principles by studying our dreams. He attaches supreme importance to this field of investigation: "dream interpretation is the foundation stone of psychoanalysis." His largest and most elaborately detailed book is on dreams, *Die Traumdeutung*. It was certainly a legitimate and hopeful field of investigation—though there are some of us, some even who have given special study to the analysis of dreams—who doubt whether the great and rich field of dream-life can be so entirely squeezed into the limits of the Freudian formulas as Freud has asserted, and who cannot possibly accept the wild statement that before psychoanalysis dreams were regarded as "a purely bodily phenomenon," outside psychology. Only one further extension of the Freudian con-

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ception was possible, and that Freud eventually took. Having included individual psychology in his domain, he proceeded to incorporate also therein, collective psychology, so that finally psychoanalysis could be applied to all the highest social manifestations of human development.

A few years ago Freud himself published a schematic outline of the various sciences to which psychoanalysis had been applied or become applicable:* (1) it helps to explain much in the science of language; (2) it modifies the hypotheses of philosophy and stimulates philosophical activities in new directions; (3) it affects biology, not only by, for the first time, doing justice to the place of the sexual function in humanity, but by acting as a mediator between biology and psychology; (4) psychoanalysis brings new contributions to our conception of evolution, showing that the old axiom, that the development of the individual repeats the development of the race, applies also in the psychic sphere, and indicating that infantile psychic formations persist in the adult; (5) it also contributes to the history of civilisation, not only by helping to explain myths and legends but by illuminating the origin of great human institutions as attempts to relieve human needs which cannot be directly gratified; (6) in the fine arts it plays a similar part, explaining alike the hidden motives of the artist and of his audience in seeking to resolve a conflict which might otherwise work out disastrously; (7) it likewise concerns sociology, for the forces which cause repression and suppression of the individual are mainly engendered by docility to social demands; (8) psychoanalysis is, further, of the greatest importance for the sciences of education by revealing the true nature of childhood and enabling the educator to avoid the danger of too violently repressing instincts which may seem to the adult vicious and abnormal, but which are only rendered dangerous by the adult's futile attempts to crush them, instead of allowing them in due course to be sublimated, for "our highest virtues have arisen as reactive sublimations from the foundation of our worst predispositions."

Scientia. Vol. XIV, 1913, p. 169.

What is Freud's vocation? One is tempted by this enumeration of the fields in which he claims to be working to ask a question to which the answer may not be quite obvious. He started as a medical psychopathologist, but medicine covers now only a small part of his field. We cannot even describe him as a man of science, for he attaches himself to no particular science—even as a psychologist he is too large to be fitted into any school—and his activities are individualised, intuitive, and conceptual to a degree which removes them from the impersonal and objectively verifiable basis of science. He enters the philosophic domain and might by some be termed a metaphysician; but here, again, apart from the fact that, as he himself has frequently observed, he has always deliberately avoided the study of philosophic literature, he by no means lives, as the philosopher is bound to live, in the world of ideas, but is primarily absorbed in the active manipulation of human nature. His activities are, indeed, above all, plastic and creative, and we cannot understand him unless we regard him as, above all, an artist. He is indeed an artist who arose in science, and to a large extent remains within that sphere, with disconcerting results alike to himself and his followers, when he, or they, attempt to treat his work as a body of objectively demonstrable scientific propositions. It has thus happened that nearly all the chief and ablest of his early supporters—Bleuler, Adler, Jung and Stekel—have successively left him. For in art we are concerned with matters of taste and sympathetic insight, which one person may feel and another not, or even the same person may feel to-day and cease to feel to-morrow. Freud himself has stated that he cannot psychoanalyse a

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patient unless he experiences sympathy toward that patient; it is the artist's attitude. What is peculiar about Freud's art is the novelty of the medium in which its plastic force is exercised. It is not a physical medium, it is not even a purely intellectual medium, such as is dealt with by the philosopher who also is in his way an artist. Freud's art is the poetry of psychic processes which lie in the deepest and most mysterious recesses of the soul. He began with themes which, novel as they were, at the same time were not difficult to follow. But as his art developed he proceeded to weave ever subtler and more daring harmonies, as his technique became firm, often choosing the very simplest theme for development into an elaborate structure. A beautiful instance of this is his essay on Leonardo da Vinci, in which he builds up the whole of Leonardo's character from one slight childish reminiscence which that great man chances to have recorded. Freud's daring virtuosity is perhaps shown even more remarkably in his essay on Jensen's novel, *Gradiva,* in which he elaborately psychoanalyses an imaginary story; the results are altogether disclaimed by the novelist, but they perfectly illustrate the psychoanalyst's conceptions. Truth or fiction, to the artist it is all one, even when the artist is a psychoanalyst, for he is only concerned with truth to his art.

Freud's method is so complex, so novel, so startlingly opposed at many points to accepted belief (and therefore so apt to arouse both bitter hostility and ardent enthusiasm) that it is not possible to expound it fully and fairly in a small space. A brief outline of some of his main positions may perhaps be helpful.

As Freud views the psychic field the largest and even the most important part of it lies in an unconscious region. A main part of the art of the psychopathologist, and indeed of the psychologist generally in Freud's sense, consists in tracing the passage of infantile impulses into the unconscious, in discovering the processes of conversion which take place in this obscure region, and in bringing them again to the conscious surface of life, in which transformation not only is the abnormal rendered normal, but those sublimations take place in which human culture consists. Normally the process is a part of human evolution; abnormally, in neurotic persons, the process miscarries and the help of art is necessary to render the process natural. This art is the whole of psychoanalysis.

Freud traces back the processes with which he deals to roots in early childhood, to an infantile disposition with certain resultant psychic mechanisms, and that is largely why they are lost from ordinary view in the unconscious. The later psychic developments are highly important, but they are always obscurely connected with more fundamental, however concealed, roots in childhood or infancy, even though ultimately they are shaped by human imagination into the great figures and conflicts of Myth and Religion and Art.

This infantile source of later psychic processes is, in Freud's view, sexual, though, as already indicated, a dexterous sleight of the artist's hand has later enlarged the conception of sexual pleasure by combining it with all pleasure, thus taking away the ground from the anti-Freudians' feet. On infantile sexuality, and on its significance for all later life, he lays great stress. The infant's sexual life he regards as highly complex. It primarily consists in simple tactile pleasures, in thumb-sucking, in friction of the various body openings, or of other sensitive spots. It develops into a special interest in the activity of the excretory functions. Extending to other persons, it tends to attach itself in the boy's case to his mother, in the girl's case to the father, as well as between brothers and sisters, and it also tends to ignore the adult distinction of sex: "You will not be wrong," Freud says, "in attributing to

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every child a fragment of homosexual aptitude." These special attractions may easily become special aversions. Fundamentally, however, they are wishes. A sexual wish is, in Freud's view, fundamental.

In the course of the development, however, the infantile wish, as a result of important conflicts, disappears into unconsciousness and is replaced in consciousness by some other manifestation. This is inevitable, for, as the subject grows older, the moralised emotions of shame and disgust, acting as censors, drive the infantile "sexual" wish out of the conscious field. Fragments, indeed, of this infantile state of desire may in some cases persist in the form of fixed perversions. Perversions are related to neuroses as positive to negative. In the neuroses the same original impulses are at work, but they are working from the unconscious side, all the intensity of the suppressed emotion becoming transferred to the physical symptom. Disease is thus, in Freud's words, a flight from unsatisfying reality into something which, though biologically injurious, is not without advantage for the patient, for it is a kind of cloister into which, with his transformed infantile longings, the patient retires when deceived by the world or no longer able to fight against the world. We imagine that we can destroy our childish and primitive impulses by some miraculous process and change them into nothing. It is not so, says Freud. Nothing is destroyed. We can at the most shift our desires into the unconscious, convert them into morbid shapes, or sublimate them, and then not entirely, into exalted ideal impulses. Spirit is as indestructible as matter; that is Freud's great discovery. Freud's work is the revelation in the spiritual world of that transformation and conservation of energy which half a century earlier had been demonstrated in the physical world.

That is an abbreviated description of a state of things which, as Freud now views it, is of universal extension, and represents a fundamental human process of supreme importance. It is only in the rare cases in which it is intensified through occurring in abnormal persons that it becomes morbid and demands the physician's attention. The method by which the physician of Freud's school investigates this state of things, by bringing it to the light of consciousness and, in so doing, relieving it, is the famous method of psychoanalysis.

At first, when working with Breuer, Freud used hypnotism as the vehicle of his method. He has, however, long since abandoned that method as capricious and mystical, while in many cases the patients could not be hypnotised at all. He prefers to investigate the patient in the normal state by what he terms the analytic method. For a doctor to find out what he is ignorant of by addressing questions to an equally ignorant patient seems unpromising. But Freud remembered that he had seen Bernheim show at Nancy that, when a patient appears ignorant of what happened to him in a previous hypnotic state, his ignorance is not really absolute, but may with skill be overcome. He found it was the same with the early emotional experiences which lay at the roots of these patients' neuroses. Freud encourages the patient to say everything, however irrelevant or indecorous or silly, which comes into his head, while he, as it were, stands by and watches these bubbles from the psychic depth, on the look out for those which furnish a clue to the nature of the process beneath. Jung developed a valuable branch of this psychoanalysis with his method of free association, which consists in reading out a string of words to the patient, telling him to say at once what each word suggests, and noting down the results, in the faith, often verified, that in this way the patient will unconsciously give away secrets that are unknown even to himself, not merely by the nature of the words

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that he responds with, but by his hesitation in responding at all to certain words. This method Freud regards as the psychoanalytic equivalent of the chemist's qualitative analysis.

As the patient's real history is thus brought to the surface and revealed, slowly and laboriously—and Freud admits that the process is extremely slow and laborious—the patient is enabled to become conscious of the morbid process and in so doing is greatly assisted in casting it off. In that way the psychoanalytic method is, as Breuer termed it, cathartic, and, as Freud points out, it is the very reverse of the hypnotic method, for while hypnotism seeks to put something into the patient, psychoanalysis seeks to take something out, and is, as Freud has himself said, analogous to the sculptor's art.

This conception of psychoanalysis was a brilliant idea for which Freud deserves all credit. It has not, however, been pointed out, so far as I am aware, that Freud had a forerunner in the idea, though not in its clinical and therapeutical applications. In 1857 Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, a noted Swedenborgian mystic and poet of his time, published a volume of mystic doggerel verse written by what he considered "a new method," the method of "Impression." "A theme is chosen or written down," he stated; "as soon as this is done the first impression upon the mind which succeeds the act of writing the title is the beginning of the evolution of that theme, no matter how strange or alien the word or phrase may seem." "The first mental movement, the first word that comes," is "the response to the mind's desire for the unfolding of the subject." It is continued by the same method, and Garth Wilkinson adds, "I have always found it led by an infallible instinct into the subject." The method was, as Garth Wilkinson viewed it, a kind of exalted *laissez-faire,* a command to the deepest unconscious instincts to express themselves. Reason and will, he pointed out, are left aside; you trust to "an influx" and the faculties of the mind are "directed to ends they know not of." Garth Wilkinson, it must be clearly understood, although he was a physician, used this method for religious and literary and never for scientific or medical ends; but it is easy to see that essentially it is the method of psychoanalysis applied to one's self, and it is further evidence how much Freud's method is an artist's method.

When we survey the Freudian conception of psychoanalysis, it is manifest that the core of it is its doctrine of sex impulse as appearing in infancy, passing through various phases and processes, mostly involving conflict, and ultimately developing—except when by miscarriage it takes on morbid shapes—into the loftiest cultural shapes that humanity can create. It is not only the core of Freudianism, it is also the chief point of attack for the opponents of Freud. It must be said that Freud has never compromised on the matter and to-day he vigourously reproaches Adler and Jung, once his chief lieutenants, for seeking to minimise or explain away the sexual core of psychoanalysis. It may indeed be said that Freud has even gone beyond his own thesis in his emphasis of sex. He is quite aware that he uses the term "sexuality" in, as he says, "a much wider sense than is usual," and no one has so well shown how different the sexual world of childhood is from that of the adult as Freud himself in his study of the sexual theories of children; these theories commonly devised by children to explain the mysteries hidden from them are not only different from the adult's facts, they usually leave out entirely all that the adult means by sexuality. So that when the ignorant adult approaches the sexual feelings of childhood he is apt to make the crudest and most lamentable mistakes. Yet Freud himself has encouraged this error and exposed his position to quite unnecessary attacks by speaking of childish sexual psychology in terms of adult physical

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facts. This is notably the case as regards Freud's introduction of the term "incest-complex" and by his acceptance as typical in this respect of the altogether adult story of Œdipus and Jocasta. Although a very little consideration should have sufficed to show that these adult conceptions are on a different plane from the emotions and ideas of children, and though Freud had himself shown how totally unlike the adult's are the ideal and undefined sexual visions of the child, the leader's confused mistake has been followed by a sheep-like flock of Freudians who have thereby copiously aided the unnecessary indignation of their opponents. For the truth is that, with a different conception of "infantile sexuality" on each side, the Freudian and the anti-Freudian have each alike been fighting in St. Paul's words, "as one that beateth the air."

We must at the same time remember that the Freudian emphasis on infantile sexuality, however careful and guarded the terminology adopted, would still have shocked and repelled the average conventional man and woman. In the matter of sex we are all a little mediæval. Hunger and Love, said Schiller, are the two great pillars which support the world. It shocks us not at all when the importance of the pillar of Hunger is emphasised, and even exaggerated, as it may be by the political economist. But it is another matter when we find the pillar of Love emphasised and even exaggerated. It is only the child of genius, trained to deal with facts and to follow Nature wheresoever she seems to lead, who is innocent of this prejudice and bewildered by the outcries he unwittingly evokes. A distinguished thinker, James Hinton, who, like Freud, began as a physician and gradually extended his speculations over the central facts of life, was such a child of genius worshipping and following Nature. "How utterly," he wrote, "all feeling of impurity, or reason for special feeling at all, is gone from the sexual passion in my mind! It stands before me absolutely as the taking of food. I cannot even recall why the feelings of special impurity cling about it. It has taken its place in my mind absolutely afresh, and as one with all that is most simple and natural and pure and good."* It was in this spirit that Freud formulated his theory of "Libido," with its infantile manifestations and marvellous transformations, serenely pursuing his way, while the conventional world was shocked, and even his own chief supporters often fell away, Adler depriving "Libido" of its love constituent and Jung even transferring it into a vague metaphysical abstraction.

There is, however, no need to fall back on this, the fundamental justification or condemnation—as we choose to see it—of genius. We may preserve our usual worldly attitude and yet be able to discern that, when the misapprehensions arising from bad terminology and extreme statement are put aside, the essentials of the Freudian vision of life may still be found acceptable. We have refused to face them, but we have obscurely recognised them, and they have even been plainly expressed, especially by poets and novelists. Let us take as an example one of the insights of Freud which has most aroused antagonism: the emotional relationship between mother and son, to which there is a corresponding relationship between father and daughter. This is notably a case in which feelings which are entirely plain to see have not yet been seen merely because people were unwilling to see them. Mothers had been suckling their children for untold millions of years before, a century ago, Cabanis pointed out the nature of the delicious pleasure often—or, it is probable, normally—experienced in suckling, and it is not surprising that another century should have elapsed before Freud pointed out that this pleasure is mutual, although in the infant it can only be termed

*Mrs. Havelock Ellis, *James Hinton: A Sketch*, 1917, p. 107.

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"sexual" if we are careful to understand that sexual pleasure at this early period is an altogether different thing from what it becomes later. It normally remains a different thing even for a considerable period, and toward the mother it is permanently a different thing, for the son always feels as a child to his mother, yet on this basis, which we may regard as physically non-sexual and emotionally sexual, the relations of mother and son may be, Freud would be inclined to say quite normally, comparable to that of lovers. Let us turn to a novel, called *Comme tout le Monde,* written a few years ago by Madame Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, one of the best women novelists of France to-day. As the title indicates, it is a commonplace story, the ordinary story of an ordinary middle-class girl, wife, and mother, who experiences the ordinary joys of life and the ordinary deceptions. Yet the story is told with such art and such insight that, commonplace as it is, and even because it is commonplace, we are made to feel that it is a completely veracious record. Isabelle, the young Norman lady who is the heroine, has two sons, and the elder, Léon, adores her; his earliest childish letters to her express this adoration; when he goes to school at the age of seven he kisses the little cakes his mother brings him because they have been in her hands. But in a few years' time he becomes self-conscious and conceals his feelings; he loves to be in his mother's presence, but he is shy, reserved, and awkward, and is apt to get on his mother's nerves, all the more so, as she, on her part, adores her younger son, through private emotional associations preferring him to the elder boy, who in secret writes verses, and addresses a poem to Joan of Arc, whom he sees in vision "beautiful as my mother." While still a schoolboy he dies, and only then it is that his mother realises the adoration expended upon her, and, too late, passionately responds to it. We may, again, turn to a recent English writer, "Anna Wickham," a mother of sons, who writes verse of a notably powerful, sincere, and poignant order. In a volume of hers we find the lines:

My little son is my fond lover.
* * * * *
Sometimes I think that I'll be scarcely human
If I can brook his chosen woman!*

These emotions are experienced, they are even expressed (perhaps especially by women, as the sex of the writers I have quoted indicates), but we have put them aside, have carefully avoided considering their significance, at the most have explained them, or ridiculed them, away. So that when at last the child of genius appears upon the scene, and sees, and realises what he sees, and proclaims it aloud—as the child in the fairy tale cried out: "The Emperor has no clothes on!"—the world is shocked though it has only been told what in reality it already knew.

We must not, however, conclude that Freud has herein performed an altogether unnecessary task. True, the "incest-complex" is a terminological absurdity, since the sexual theories of childhood are absolutely unlike those of the adult, and the adult's attitude has no more meaning for the child than, it would usually seem, the child's attitude has for the adult. Yet the sexual emotions remain on the psychic side the same, however unlike the ideas and the objects aimed at. Freud, with his artist's instincts, sensitive to Nature—for both the artist and the scientist are explorers and revealers of Nature—has not only been more acutely aware of the existence of these infantile emotions than any before him, but he has more accurately investigated them, and he has, moreover, devised or created a dynamic mechanism into which they beautifully fit, to emerge at last, by a process of sublimation, in the highest manifestations of the human spirit.

The domain in which Freud works is largely that which he terms the "Un-

*Anna Wickham, *The Man with a Hammer,* p. 44.

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conscious," the mighty treasure-house in which all the apparently forgotten experiences of our lives are stored. It is a mysterious and gloomy region, admirably adapted for the operation of Freud's artistic genius. But we may do well to remember that it is a vast region and contains many things. With his complete sincerity, simplicity, and natural gift of divination, Freud has been happily inspired, into whatever excesses of exaggeration we may believe he has sometimes fallen. But less finely gifted men may not fare so well in the Unconscious. They must select among the facts they find, and in their selection ordinary psychoanalysts who have not the sensitive *flair* of genius to guide them will be guided by the rigid and systematic theory which has them in its clutches. This has been pointed out by Poul Bjerre of Stockholm, not an opponent of psychoanalysis, but himself a distinguished psychoanalyst, writing in Freud's own organ.* He is especially referring to those who expect to find the "incest-complex" everywhere, and who accordingly find it. "Life cannot be pressed into a single theory," he adds, "however impressed it may be by the highest genius, and however comprehensive." If these wise words linger in our minds we shall view Freud and his opponents alike with toleration and often with sympathy.

It is not possible here to discuss those notable psychoanalysts who were once Freud's chief disciples and coadjutors and are now his rivals or opponents. It is the less necessary since, if we are mainly looking at psychoanalysis from the angle of sex, it cannot be said that they have added much to what Freud has brought forward, though they may sometimes have taken much away. They have all done good work. Professor Bleuler was a distinguished psychiatrist before he joined Freud, of admirable solidity, judgment, and insight. Stekel is a capable, energetic, and industrious worker. C. G. Jung, belonging to Zürich, where the first large movement of Freudian appreciation began, was an early adherent. He not only devised the associative method of exploring concealed psychic states, but introduced the term "complex," a much used, and, as Freud thinks, much-abused if not unnecessary term, though, it must be added, Freud employs it himself. Of late years Jung has written copiously, and especially a very lengthy essay on the "Transformations and Symbols of Libido."* In this luxuriant jungle of philosophy and philology Jung wanders with random and untrained steps, throwing out brilliant suggestions here and there, hazarding the declarations that "the soul is all Libido," and that "sexuality itself is only a symbol," conveying the general impression of a strayed metaphysician vainly seeking for the Absolute. He remains a psychoanalyst, but from Freud, who has never fallen into such extravagances, he has wandered far. Freud himself, in a contribution to the history of the psychoanalytic movement, written with all his transparent sincerity and instinctive charm, sums up an account of his former disciple's relation to the movement by saying that Jung has furnished the psychoanalytic instrument with a new handle and then proceeded to put in a new blade. Alfred Adler is entitled to more respectful consideration, and herein I am also expressing Freud's opinion. There is nothing of Jung's obscurity and confusion; indeed Adler may be said to err in the opposite direction by becoming too precise, narrow, and coherent. His chief conception is that of the "impulse of aggression" and the "masculine protest" on which he places extreme emphasis. This is the impulse by which we seek to fortify our weakest side, even that based on bodily defect, so that it develops into the domi-

Jahrbuch für Psychoanalytische Forschungen, Vol. V, 1913, p. 692.

*Jung's work has been published in this country under the title of "The Psychology of the Unconscious" (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company).—*Editor's Note.*

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nant aspect of our character. We may often see this illustrated by those undeveloped persons who by dint of physical culture ultimately come to regard themselves, and indeed may actually become, superior to the average in physical development. This conception has proved fruitful, and Adler has succeeded in forming a school of coworkers. All these investigators are not to be despised. But Freud remains the man who first devised the instrument of psychoanalysis as it is now known, and who revealed the world in which it operates.

It must not therewith be concluded that any of the conceptions Freud has so artfully woven will of necessity endure permanently. He changes them so often himself that it would be foolish to suppose that his successors will not continue the same process. In this respect we may compare him with Lombroso, another Jew of genius, who also began as a psychopathologist and also gradually extended his conceptions over a wide sphere of abnormal and normal life. His theories have been proved to be often defective, even his facts will not always bear examination; he himself admitted that of the structure he had raised perhaps not one stone would remain upon another. Yet he enlarged the human horizon, he discovered new fields for fruitful research and new methods for investigating them. That was something bigger than either a sound theory or a precise collection of facts, for we do not demand of a Columbus that he shall be a reliable surveyor of the new world he discovers. Freud, similarly and to a greater extent, has enlarged our horizon. He has shown the existence of a vast psychic field of which before we had but scanty intimations. The human soul will never again be to human eyes what it was before Freud explored it. He has revealed the possibility of new depths, new subtleties, new complexities, new psychic mechanisms. That is the great and outstanding fact.

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A MESSAGE TO MOTHERS

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY.

BEING one of them, I am moved to write this message to the mothers of America, for it is the outcome of three years of feeling about the war that has searched the depths of my heart, of constant reading about its every phase and of thought about it that has been, at least, earnest and sincere. Thought and reading and emotion have all joined together to produce in me the profoundest conviction I have ever known that civilisation's finest and most valuable fruits are at stake and that we must send our sons to the slaughter fields in order that they and their sons and daughters will not be cast back into the dark centuries, to climb again the long road their ancestors have toiled over in order to reach the levels we have won.

If we think that we have evolved anything worth while here in this beloved country of ours, if we think that we have advanced the cause of humanity by our labours, our ideals and our sacrifices in the past, and if we feel the least shred of gratitude for those before us who made possible better, freer and richer lives for each succeeding generation, then there is nothing for us to do but to give all that we have to those lines of khaki-clad men who are crossing the ocean to save for our grandchildren the things we value. The darkest, most backward-looking, most appalling forces that have menaced the forward-moving spirit of civilisation in many and many a year are what we are going forth to fight, and they must be overcome and sent to that limbo in which humanity disposes of the Frankinsteins that every now and then have thought to possess and enslave her.

There is no escape from the choice. We must either fight, to the last man and woman of the nation, until those dark forces are overcome and plucked out and cast away, or we must submit and let them devour the world. We have passed through our Gethsemane in which we shuddered away from the awful, the loathesome task and said, "Let this cup pass from me!" And now that we have taken up the cross and set our feet toward Calvary we must go with the clearest understanding and the farthest vision and the most solemn conviction, so that our hearts will not break and our resolution falter under the burdens and the sorrows that will weigh us down.

I am not of those who think we should have entered the war before we did. It seems to me that we served the cause of civilisation better, made surer the unity of the nation and gained the advantage of putting upon the enemy the complete onus of our entrance by staying out of the conflict until the situation left possible no other course. It surely is not worth while now to recount the reasons that urged us to action. Only those who are at heart traitors both to their country and to the onward-looking spirit of civilisation, or those who have allowed pacifist theories to bemuse their sense of the actual, or those who cannot control their shrinking from the horribleness of war now have any doubt about the righteousness and the necessity of the course upon which America has entered. The first are ordinary criminals, or rather, extraordinary criminals, since, with even less of the sense of right and wrong than is possessed by common malefactors, they seek to injure and betray, *en masse,* all the people of a great community. The only adequate answer to them is the law court and the jail. In the second class are to be found a few men and women of high character and distinguished achievement who are so obsessed by

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pacifist convictions that they can see nothing but their own dreams. They do not hate war any more than do the rest of us; they do not perceive any more clearly its senselessness, its awful waste, its utter loathesomeness. But their minds are set so deeply into the groove in which they are accustomed to think and work that they cannot see over the top.

A force powerful and sinister has set out to impose its will upon the rest of the world, to make all civilisation over in its own evil image, to destroy the most cherished ideals and attainments and possessions of our own and other nations. It recognises no force but material power, no right but might. Against such a power, already fighting desperately and determined to crush opposition, which recognises as reason or morality nothing that does not work toward its own purposes, it is worse than futile—it is mischievous—to oppose at this moment anything but the most powerful physical force it is possible to summon. To talk pacifist theories now is as pitifully foolish as for a child to attempt to stop the conflagration of a city by blowing soap bubbles at it.

When Dr. David Starr Jordan and the People's Council and the Union Against Militarism and their associates and followers hold meetings and talk pacifist doctrines and demand peace regardless of consequences it is impossible not to cry out, "Oh, blind and foolish and wicked!" For every meeting they hold, every argument they make, every weak-willed convert they gain—if, indeed, they gain any—are just so much help given within our own borders to our enemy and theirs. They merely make the war longer, perhaps by a month, perhaps by many months. They are adding to its cost in, none can say, how many millions of dollars; how many thousands of lives; how much suffering and sorrow. Upon their hands and upon the hands of all those who have tried to obstruct the nation's preparations, from members of the Senate down to German spies, will be the blood of thousands of the sons of American mothers. When once the nation has decided to fight it is no time for any loyal son or daughter to attempt to hold her arms. They can retire to their cellars and sulk, if they like, but in heaven's name let them cease from giving aid to the enemy.

As for those who cannot quite convince themselves of the necessity of our joining the warfare because they shrink from its awful features, or because they do not understand its seriousness and how appalling would have been the alternative, there is only one thing for them to do. And that is, to lessen their ignorance. If they will inform themselves thoroughly upon all the causes of the war they will be so filled with horror by the nature and the purposes of that force which we are fighting that all their shrinking and their doubts will end.

It is not worth while to inquire into the immediate causes that led to the outbreak of the war three years ago. Thousands upon thousands of pages have been written about it. But the occasion, the final cause, of any war is only the match laid to a trail of powder that leads to a mine. The mine and the trail were made ready long before, and when history weighs the evidence it is only these that count. The match becomes no more than a matter of curious interest. And when history studies the course of affairs that led up to this present world war the things that will stand out prominently will be the spirit that had been fostered for years in Germany, the attitude toward the rest of the world in which the people of Germany had been drilled by their government; the aim toward which Germany for years had consciously and purposefully striven. It was these that caused the war. White books and blue books and the murder of a prince were merely incidental. And it is these that will continue to cause wars, endlessly, unless either they are allowed to dominate the world or they are plucked out and cast from the world

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as Satan was hurled from the battlements of heaven.

Of the spirit that has been rampant in Germany ever since the beginning of the war, a spirit that strikes one cold with the horror of it even in a war-stricken, suffering nation, one gets illuminating glimpses in a book by D. Thomas Curtin, a young American newspaper man, *The Land of Deepening Shadow* (George H. Doran Company). He has spent a good deal of the time since the beginning of the war and until as late as last January in Germany, and he contrived by various expedients to go about the country a great deal, and so to come into contact with all classes in many different regions. He tells how the government sedulously inculcates and fosters in the people, both adults and children, the spirit of hate. He heard a famous professor of the University of Berlin deliver a "hate lecture" to a big audience in Munich in which the *élite* of that city filled the hall even to standing room. The professor told them, through an hour and a half, about their duty to "hate the very essence of everything English," to "hate the very soul of England," and ended by assuring them that "hatred is the greatest force in the world to overcome tremendous obstacles" and that "either one must hate or one must fear." There were nods and sighs of assent all through the lecture, and at its end a tumult of applause, exclamations of "beautiful" and "wonderful" and a rush of the throng to the stage to shower him with congratulations and admiration. The children in the schools are trained to hate the enemy, to worship the militaristic state, to love and venerate the Kaiser. Among the songs they sing, written especially for use in the schools, is one which demands, "Strike dead everything which prays for mercy, shoot everything down like dogs," and cries out, "More enemies, more enemies, be your prayer in this hour of retribution." Appalling as is the poisoning of the minds of the children, Mr. Curtin found the gospel of hate that was preached from the pulpits and sung by the congregations of the churches still fiercer and more venomous. Even if a pastor, by reason of having a Christian spirit in his own heart, detests this propagation of hate, he cannot help himself. He is the puppet of the state, just as are the professor, the schoolmaster and the newspaper, and they all are merely parts of the great state military machine that has worked for years and is still feverishly working to mould men and women into the spirit that will serve its purposes. Whatever the government wishes the people to believe or for whatever purpose it wishes to have their support, it uses this machinery to bring about the desired result. Mr. Curtin says that long before it announced the unrestricted U-boat campaign it had begun to set in motion a campaign of hate against America as virulent as that against England in order to make sure of the wished-for national frame of mind.

Going further back and giving a view of the prevailing ideas and tendencies in Germany before the war, A. D. McLaren's *Germanism from Within* (E. P. Dutton and Company) shows that all the appalling German characteristics and ambitions and purposes which have only begun to be slowly realised in their full monstrosity by the rest of the world since the beginning of the war have, for many years, been definite forces in the moulding of German national life and individual character. Mr. McLaren is an Australian who for thirty years has been deeply interested in German life, literature and philosophy, and had spent the six years preceding the war living in Germany in intimate association with many classes of the people, but especially with those of higher intellectual training and occupation. He writes with unusual philosophic calm and with a temper so coldly judicial that for any sign of belligerent hostility his pages display he might as well be writing about the Martians. He saw much in Germany that pleased him, and sometimes he compares the German with the

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English way of doing something or other to the advantage of the former. But this honest and impartial observer, scrutinising the ideals, the tendencies, the purposes manifest in the life of the German people for years before the war, saw in them the sources of what has actually happened since; saw the forces at work that made inevitable a war of conquest to be carried on regardless of the laws of nations and of humanity; saw the fostering and the rapid growth of a national spirit of megalomania bent on world dominion and persuaded that any means would be justified that would forward that purpose. In another book by this same author, *Peaceful Penetration* (E. P. Dutton and Company) can be studied some of the infamous means which the German Government has taken to aid that ambition. It is a chronicle of combined political and commercial intrigue, of spying by every class of German agent from bank clerk and missionary and visiting scientist to diplomatic attaché and ambassador, of incessant underhanded malevolent activity in all parts of the world that ought to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every honest-minded person with a drop of German blood in his veins. Miss Edith Keen tells in her *Seven Years at the Prussian Court* (John Lane Company) about an organisation of which she had knowledge and whose leaflets of instruction she saw which had for its purpose the training of men "in the art of stirring up sedition and rebellion and giving trouble to foreign governments generally." The Emperor himself selected the men, who were ex-army officers, to be trained in this deceitful, diabolical means of injuring another country while professing friendliness.

Germany's methods in this present war and the war itself as having been long held in the purpose of the government as a step toward world domination are examined by Jacques de Dampierre in *German Imperialism and International Law* and carried back to the steady and insistent teachings of German writers of high influence upon statecraft, world power and military matters. One cannot read the book with its extensive quotations and frequent references without seeing every move of Germany in the war and in the events which led up to it foreshadowed, vindicated, theoretically proved to be right and just—because for the power and glory of the empire—by these German professors, publicists, generals. They prove by their own words, do these ardently German writers, that the German Government was looking forward to a war of conquest and was zealously evolving and nourishing the necessary spirit among its people for such an enterprise.

Just what that enterprise was André Cheradame lays bare in *The Pan-German Plot Unmasked* (Charles Scribner's Sons), where it is shown that the ruling powers in Germany have long been contemplating and making ready for armed aggression that was to end only when it should reach its predetermined purpose of making Germany the mistress of the world. Mr. Cheradame's temperate and well-reasoned book has its every statement and argument based upon and proved by the writings of Germans themselves. The picture he makes of Germany's purpose toward the rest of the world is painted in colours that were "made in Germany." Another revelation of the spirit of modern Germany is to be found in *Gems of German Thought* (Doubleday, Page and Company), wherein William Archer presents without argument or comment, except in a brief introduction, a compilation of extracts from dozens of German writers, professors, journalists, pastors, publicists, some of them dated before and others since the war began. They reveal a state of mind in Germany as to the worship of war, justification of international perfidy, intrigue, tricky faithlessness, glorification of might as proving right, national megalomania and hatred of other nations, that is staggering and nauseating to the non-German mind. It must be remembered that this is all German testimony against Germany herself and that those who give it show not the faintest conception that

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it is utterly damning, that it is worthy of anything but the highest praise.

Such is the spirit and such are the aims, as depicted by her own people, of the nation with which we are at war. If that nation wins, if there should be even a compromise peace that would leave in control of Germany the powers that have fostered and trained that spirit and with those aims bedeviled the German people, it will mean continued war, war, war, until that spirit has dominated the world. A German, Friedrich Naumann, a member of the Reichstag and a publicist of high reputation, has told in *Mittel-Europa* (Alfred A. Knopf) what Germany purposes to do after she wins this war, either in outright fashion or by a compromise peace, and his foreshadowing of plans and methods and achievements has had warm approval by the ruling forces of the empire. He reveals a future Germany that is to be more militant than ever, with far more power behind her, defiant of the rest of the world and setting forth to win supreme power over it.

It is the spirit of Germany that must be conquered, that evil spirit that has been conjured up by her ruling classes and fostered by every means in their power. They have made it a national spirit with which the rest of the world cannot live. Out of Germany's own mouth has come the ultimatum, either that spirit conquers and moulds the world or it must be utterly overcome and cast away. It can be conquered only in one way, by the complete overthrow of the royal dynasty and the establishment of a government that can be moulded and controlled by the people. That is the only possible guarantee that another world war, more bloody, more horrible, more devastating than this, will not ravage the world in another generation. Germany's apologists and defenders are loudly crying out that the German people have the right to choose their own government. They have not the right to choose a government that is a menace to the rest of the world.

Subservient though the German people seem to be, and as perhaps most of them are, to the evil spirit which dominates them, there is plenty of evidence that there are some Germans who have not permitted their vision of right and justice to be perverted and who would welcome the opportunity to form a democratic government. Hermann Fernau, from his refuge in Switzerland, sends out his appeal to the German people in favour of *The Coming Democracy* (E. P. Dutton and Company) and works for the establishment of a republic. Christen Collin, Norwegian author and professor, tells in *The War Against War* (Macmillan Company) of German thinkers known to him who long for liberty, justice, equality and peaceful aims but who dare not speak aloud. Once let the now dominant power in Germany be completely conquered and cast out and such as these would be free to come forth and exercise their influence. And in them lies Germany's only hope.

No matter with what bleeding hearts and saddened homes and piled up sacrifices, we must fight on, and on, and on, with every ounce of our strength, because only so can we save our own country from early subjugation and help to save for the rest of the world the ideals of democracy in which we believe. We must win, wholly and completely win, for only so can we hope that the nations will evolve some plan of confederation that will make impossible a repetition of this cataclysm. It will not be easy and we, optimistic Americans, have only a faint idea of all the difficulties that lie in the way, because we know, and heretofore have cared, so little about the jealousies, envies and suspicions and the distrust of peaceful agencies and kindly purposes that have for centuries controlled the relations between the nations of Europe. Henry Noel Brailsford in *A League of Nations* (Macmillan Company) tells what those difficulties are and shows how, with the help of the United States, they can be overcome and the world started upon a new and brighter and more hopeful path.

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But all that can be no more than a far-off dream until the evil spirit that has deluged the world with blood has been utterly destroyed. And therefore we, in America, having set our hand to this work, must determine that it shall be thoroughly done and that there shall be no peace that will leave in the seats of power anywhere the ambition to conquer and dominate.

This, then, mothers of America, is why we must Godspeed our sons across the Atlantic, and work for our arms with all our might, because it is only by America's help that the war can be won, the purpose that caused it struck down, the freedom, the hopes, the ideals of our own home land assured and all the world "made safe for democracy." To that end must we not only bear with fortitude whatever burdens and sorrows the war may lay upon us and work for its success, but we must set our faces sternly against the specious arguments and false promises of pacifists, socialists, enemy emissaries, who would have us welcome any peace that would bring about merely the early laying down of arms. We must determine and cry it from every housetop that there shall be no peace until Germany casts out her evil spirit.

SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN NOVELISTS
CABLE

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

To read your tales
Is like opening a cedar-box
Of ante-bellum days,
A box holding the crinoline and fan
And the tortoise-shell diary
With flowers pressed between the leaves
Belonging to some languid *grande dame*
Of Creole New Orleans.

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THE SOWER WHO REAPED THE SEA

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

The road was dusty and the grass was grey
Along the roadside. In the harvest field
That I was passing heat-waves surged above
The fallen grain, and butterflies moved there
Like derelicts of Dreams. An old man stopped
His reaping and looked up with reddened eyes.
Dust from the grain had settled on his face
And sweat had washed innumerable paths
To nowhere. When he saw me watching him
A smile broke through the crust, and then he laughed,
"Go wash *your* face if you'd make fun o' mine."

"How is the crop?" I asked.
He mopped the sweat
Upon his brow and answered, "None too good.
I sowed too late in season for the drouth."
"The same with me," I said.
"What did you sow?"
He asked me, looking at my city clothes.
"Some wild oats and a bag o' Dreams," I said,
And laughed a little harshly—for the dust.

He thought awhile, and then his deep voice said,
"Well, we are better off than one I knew—
The sower who reaped the Sea, the bitter Sea!"
"Who reaped the Sea?" I asked, in wonder, then.
"Who reaped the Sea," he said, "the bitter Sea!"

"I have not always lived here," he went on,
"In youth I left a place where dikes hold back
The sea from little valleys cool and green.
I lived in a small town, and worked with iron
Beside a man of iron. One day he hurled
His tools aside—and cursed the town and went
Out of the shop with hate for everyone!

"Later I heard that he had bought a farm
That covered a small valley near the town.

"His valley was more favoured than the rest
That first year, and while crops about us failed
His ripened well, and gave a golden yield.
And while the town went hungry he sent off
His harvest to another town that paid
A price a little higher. People went

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To him and begged to buy some of his grain.
'O, no,' he said, 'While I lived in your town
I had to pay the prices asked of me.
I'll sell where I do best. That settles it.'

"The next spring found him sowing in his fields.
The warm days made his little valley green.
The summer turned it into living gold.
And on the summer evenings he would sit
And chuckle as the valley waved at him
A host of gleaming hands. . . . Again the town
Was hungry, and the people went to him
And begged to buy his grain. He laughed at them.
'Once I was hungry in your cursed town.
Who ever helped me?' he yelled out at them.
'A few days and I shall be reaping, fools,
As I have sowed. Who has a better right?'

"A great storm broke the dike the very night
Before he was to reap. We heard the Sea
Rush with a purring madness as it came
Into the little valley near the town.
The morning after, all the storm had passed.
Most all the valley where he had his farm
Was under dark green water. Just a few
Tall heads of grain stuck up—and they were dead.
The water rocked them back and forth. Some folks
Went down to see the valley. And they found
The farmer, waist-deep, grasping at the grain.
He did not see the people. All who saw
Said he was weeping, and his bitter tears
Made little splashes on the bitter sea!

"A woman cried to him, from out the crowd,
'You have a mighty harvest on your hands.
You should be happy. You have reaped the Sea!' "

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Chronicle and Comment

A World Parliament

The opening paper in this month's Bookman, "A Legislative Peace," advocates an association of the allied nations in the formation of a world parliament, looking eventually to a further consolidation of the nations into a world state. The first duty of the world parliament which the author, Mr. Thurston, advises for immediate establishment, would be the enunciation of those eternal principles based on "justice and the nature of men and states" by the guidance of which the allied nations stand ready to legislate peace for the world: no indemnities or annexations, freedom of commerce on the world-highways, the right of small nations to an independent existence and a fair opportunity for development, a plebiscite among the inhabitants of a disputed territory to determine their own allegiance, the guarantee of justice to racial minorities in such provinces, and the gradual regulation of customs duties on the principle of revenue only (no nation would need to encourage a diversity of industries to the point of "self-sufficiency," and each people would eventually engage naturally and in accordance with economic pressure in those pursuits for which their environment and temperament make them best fitted). With the establishment of this world parliament and the declaration of the principles determining international action, the allied armies in Europe would at once take on the character of an international police engaged in subduing lawlessness and defending the world's civilisation. And should the people in Germany or in any of the Central Powers, at any time before a decisive defeat, see the wisdom of the world federation and the justice and equity of the principles upon which the rest of the world is ready to legislate peace, it can reasonably be hoped that they would follow the example of Russia and emancipate themselves from their military autocracy, voluntarily join the world state and subscribe to the principles of the world parliament. Should Prussianism continue dominant, the outlaws must—and will—be beaten and their anti-social activities restrained by force so as to maintain the peace and welfare of humanity.

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The Next Logical Step

Such a programme may at first consideration seem an idle, Utopian dream, another visionary scheme too impracticable to apply to work-a-day human nature. And *before this war* the obstacles to human progress were breaking down too slowly and with too many retrogressions to encourage a hope for an early amalgamation of human interests; but with the necessity for united action so many of the old, conservative, selfish lines have been swept aside with hardly a protest (witness the passage of the food bill—the biggest step in state socialism ever taken by our country)—and we are so rapidly accustoming ourselves to think in terms of international interests that an international co-operation to enforce the principles of civilisation *between* states in the same manner as these principles are maintained between individuals and groups *within* state boundaries is no longer an imaginary, impossible plan—rather does it force itself upon us as the next logical step for the peoples to take. As Mr. Thurston in his paper, "A Legislated Peace," very justly points out: "In former times it would have

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been in order to speak of the immense difficulties involved in the organisation of such a project, but now it would only be a mark of disrespect to our allies. The erection of the administrative structure of a world state would hardly be worth mentioning beside their achievements of the last three years. . . . An international police force does not seem so impractical as it did before all the races of the world had fought side by side for three years and more in France and Flanders. . . . The idea of the world state, although its larval, worm-like stage has been many centuries shorter than that of the art of flying, has already reached a more advanced stage than the latter could boast of fifteen years ago. Many people are ready to believe that it will come within a few generations at the most. Not a few dare to hope that we are already on the verge of it." And if we are on the verge of a world state, if the nations are sick of the mutual jealousies that have made existence as uncertain as that of Damocles with Dionysius's sword suspended over his head, let America, the fighting nation with the least hate, take the first practical step in offering the programme for a world parliament; and just as President Wilson before our entry suggested "a league of nations," now that we are in the struggle we are so much the better prepared to suggest an even closer co-operation in a world state.

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A Moral Epoch

In response to President Wilson's suggestion for a league of nations made in his speech before the League to Enforce Peace, at Washington a year ago last May, Mr. H. N. Brailsford, an English publicist and authority on international relations, has written a volume, *A League of Nations,* just published in this country, in which he reviews intensively the problems before the warring nations and the methods by which such a league may be established. Mr. Brailsford's mind still clings to the historical, traditional background of national thinking and the archaic diplomacy of the "balance of power" and for that reason the programme he advances for a combination of the nations is mild and full of compromises to the feelings of nationalism and jealousy that flourished before the war and that have in many minds been strengthened by the war. But the significant fact is that he quite recognises the limitation of the European view, that he himself has to a degree broken from it and that his hope for a sane, human settlement of the war and for the establishment of a peaceful world lies in American intervention—not so much in military effort, for the United States had not entered the conflict when he wrote his book, but rather in American influence in the adjustment to follow hostilities. Mr. Brailsford comments with much emphasis upon this country's abandonment of its traditional, historical isolation, a step that was put into concrete expression with President Wilson's offer of America's power to help make an "end in the world of the possibility of prosperous aggression." It is worth while to quote again the fundamental principles that Mr. Wilson laid down:

1. That every people has the right to choose the sovereignty under which they shall live.

2. That the small states of the world have the right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that the great and powerful nations expect and insist upon.

3. That the world has the right to be free from every disturbance to its peace that has its origin in aggression and disregard of the rights of peoples and nations.

The declaration of these principles with the offer of American prestige, moral and physical, to maintain them throughout the world, is called by Mr. Brailsford "an epoch in the world's moral evolution."

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Mr. Gerard in Germany

The much heralded story of his experiences in Germany by our former Ambassador, Mr. James W. Gerard, is beginning to appear serially, at the time of this writing, in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* under the title, "My Four Years in Germany." The early installments are interesting and to a degree sensational—the first article gives both the text and a photographic reproduction of the cablegram in the Kaiser's own handwriting, written in Mr. Gerard's presence and delivered to him for transmission to President Wilson, personally, at the very opening of the war. Up to now it has been withheld from publication, but President Wilson's permission to use it enables Mr. Gerard to bring a serious indictment against the Kaiser over the the German raid through Belgium. The Kaiser's statement is that Belgian territory "had to be violated by Germany on strategical grounds, news having been received that France was already preparing to enter Belgium"—an excuse that Mr. Gerard fitly characterises as weak, adding that there was "not even a pretense that there had ever been any actual violation of Belgium's frontier by the French prior to the German invasion of that unfortunate country." In the Kaiser's message the word "news" was written above the word "knowledge" which had been crossed out. Compare this sentence with one taken from Von Bethman-Hollweg's speech before the Reichstag delivered just six days previously, with every word of which the Kaiser was of course familiar: "We *knew,* however, that France was ready to invade Belgium." The same flimsy excuse—and while the Chancellor felt the necessity of elaborating a false rumour into "knowledge" because of the inherent weakness of his position, evidently the Kaiser with either more disregard for the moral niceties of his action or with more genuine respect for the truth, confined his statement to the word "news." Continuing Mr. Gerard's account, we find more interesting anecdotes and side-lights on the events in Berlin of those early days, especially of course the events affecting American citizens in Germany at the time. Every reader of Mr. Gerard's work, however, cannot help but be struck with the loose way it is thrown together—its lack of continuity and its general jumble of impressions unillumined by any imaginative insight and unenlivened by the personal detail of his encounters with the German Court and inner circles of German commerce and finance that would have made his work so much more vivid and attractive and even valuable from a historical point of view. We have learned to expect so much from Mr. Gerard as an American Representative and as a representative of so much that is best in American character, that we are selfish enough to feel disappointed because he does not number among his many qualities the command of literary technique at the disposal of the trained writer.

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Another "Ouija Board" Book

Last month we spoke of the "Patience Worth" case in connection with her latest novel, *The Sorry Tale,* that, it was alleged, was dictated over the ouija board to Mrs. John H. Curran, of St. Louis, by the spirit calling herself "Patience Worth." Now comes an even more interesting case in the form of a novel, *Jap Herron,* purporting to be dictated in a similar manner to Miss Emily Grant Hutchings and her collaborator, Mrs. Lola V. Hays, both also of St. Louis, by no less a personage than Mark Twain. The story is unquestionably in Mark Twain's style: it is set in his Missouri country, the conversation is in the dialect that appears in *Huckleberry Finn,* and the type of humour recalls the enjoyment experienced in reading *Innocents Abroad.* From internal evidence there is at least no contradiction to the theory of its origin. The method followed in taking the dictation over the ouija board and the history of the work are described by Miss Hutchings in an

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opening section of the book. Quite by chance Miss Hutchings was present at a demonstration by Mrs. Hays when "Mark Twain" appeared. Later, working with Mrs. Hays at the ouija board. Miss Hutchings learned from the alleged spirit of Mark Twain that he had some literary work to give the world and that he had been waiting for her to help him. Many conversations in sane, natural style followed, the ouija board's writings being characteristic of Mark Twain as we know him in his memoirs and his books. After the dictation of the story was completed, upon Miss Hutchings's remarking, "It's pretty short for a book," came this reply:

Did you ever know about my prize joke? One day I went to church, heard a missionary sermon, was carried away—to the extent of a hundred dollars. The preacher kept talking. I reduced my ante to fifty dollars. He talked on. I came down to twenty-five, to ten, to five, and after he had said all that he had in him, I stole a nickel from the basket. Reason for yourselves.

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"Mark Twain" on the Hereafter

Again in a final conversation after the completion of the book, Mark Twain is reported as saying:

There will be a great understanding some day. It will come when the earth realises that we must leave it, to live, and when it can put itself in touch with the heavens that surround it. I have met a number of preachers over here who would like to undo many things they promulgated while they had a whack at sinners.

There are hardshell Baptists who have a happy time meeting their members, to whom they preached hell and brimstone. They have many things to explain. There is one melancholy Presbyterian who frankly stated the fact—underscore "fact"—that there were infants in hell not an ell long. He has cleared out quite a space in hell since he woke up. He doesn't rush out to meet his congregation. It would create trouble and be embarrassing if they looked around for the suffering infants. As I said before, there is everything to learn, after the shackles of earth are thrown aside. I would like to write a story about some of these preachers, and the mistakes they made, when the doctrines of brimstone and everlasting punishment were ladled out as freely to the little maid who danced as to the harlot. It showed a mind asleep to the undiscovered country.

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Spiritualism, Good and Bad

Whether the alleged origins of these "ouija board" books are true or false, their appearance and the public's interest in them furnish a curious phenomenon. The recent increased and widespread interest in spiritualism is of course due to the war, and when a loss has occurred in one's own intimate circle as is the case in so many, many thousands of stricken homes, the question becomes poignantly vital. Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond* in which he relates his communications with his son who was killed at the front, really brought the interest in such manifestations to a head in this country, although the "Patience Worth" case has been before the public for a long time. Undoubtedly Sir Oliver and the St. Louis people connected with "Patience Worth" are thoroughly honourable and sincere and their statements of fact may be relied upon, whether or not we differ from them in the field of opinion and conclusion. The psychoanalyst is one who would so differ. His explanation is an activity of the Unconscious of the operator of the ouija board or mental telepathy as the case may be.

There is another, and this time quite unfortunate, side to this interest in spiritualism. During such a time of widespread personal bereavement, when the question of survival takes on an added, sensitive meaning, it is unfortunate that any of the clap-trap charlatanism of the popular "séance" of commercial savour should gain circulation—at least we should have only sincere reports even though they be proven far from the truth. *Spirit Intercourse, Its Theory and Practice,* by J. Hewat McKenzie, smacks to us altogether too much of the

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vaudeville variety of phenomena to warrant any credence. The section describing the location, geography, flora and fauna of the hereafter is so preposterous as to furnish a certain amusement if one can forget the tragic side of such misleading, hope-destroying accounts. If we tolerate, take an interest in, and support sincere contributions to the inquiry such as Sir Oliver Lodge's and Maeterlinck's, we should as effectively discountenance the methods of the mountebank who tries to commercialise a world-tragedy for his own monetary advantage.

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Unfair Literary Competition

Of the effect of the "Patience Worth" literary activity upon that part of the literary profession that is still struggling in the bonds of humanity, Mr. William Trowbridge Larned has this heart-felt skit in *Reedy's Mirror* (of St. Louis):

Brothers, whose toil tricks out *your* sorry tale,
Weavers of thought in multi-patterned scheme:
Rise from your revels!—cloying cakes and ale.
Seldomer still are things just what they seem;
The literary milk is minus cream.
Twelve hours a day—nor four—your stint shall be;
Who writes with ouija board upon her knee,
Royal her road, betrod by kings and dukes.
Behold in Patience Worth—the super-She—
Our bread and butter swiped by lady spooks!

Against the classic authors ye prevail—
Their candle casts no longer such a beam:
Austen's unread, and Thackeray's turned stale;
Few who withstand the "modern" mode and theme.
Even against the amateurs who teem
In bush and by-way fortified are ye.
But heaven save our poor posterity
From all such fearsome psychologic flukes
As that no seer could possibly foresee:
Our bread and butter swiped by lady spooks!

Poor driven drudge, creating by the bale,
Whose pen once paused when he had writ a ream!
What earthly author would not quake and quail—
Whether he go a-following the gleam,
Or urge his elbow to "success de steam"—
Sole man-power of a fiction factory.
The gods seem deaf for all his dolourous plea;
Instead, their skies shed curious things *de luxe,*
Signed "Patience Worth."—Hence take the hint from me:
Our bread and butter swiped by lady spooks!

ENVOI

Princes, whose plot is held in simple fee,
You cannot guess the aches and agony,
The pangs of parturition. Else, gadzooks!
So might you feel, if you were only we,
The pangs of parturition. Else, gad-
Our bread and butter swiped by lady spooks!

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Aesthetic America

The æsthetic discovery of America may be said to have begun in the great Dream City which Chicago erected to the memory of Christopher Columbus, and it has proceeded with true Elizabethan fervour ever since. Elsewhere in this issue, Mr. Charles Buchanan makes the voyage in a swift seventy-four gun frigate. Mrs. Lorinda Munson Bryant's craft, *American Pictures and Their Painters,* is surely a shallop—or perhaps even a pinnace. Yet like the modern "rubberneck-wagon" it is capacious and designed to hold a large multitude of those who are taking the journey for the first time. Your true voyage of discovery should be catholic and undiscriminating, and avoid sophistication as the ancient mariners did the devil, and Mrs. Bryant violates none of these canons. She has unearthed many new bits of human interest from her material, she is simply and unfailingly appreciative, and she has covered the ground more thoroughly than her more

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"THE LAND OF HIS FATHERS." WILLIAM R. LEIGH. THE SNEDECOR GALLERY, NEW YORK. FROM "AMERICAN PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS" BY LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

critical predecessors. William Keith is rescued from his isolation in the wilds of California, and at the other extreme John Marin, Benton, Zorach, Ray, Macdonald-Wright, and Russell are given a chapter of their own. Between these are many of the newer names that have seldom found their way between the covers of a book: Schofield, Hawthorne, Luks, Spencer, Garber, Lever, Mora, Seyffert, Pearson, Sloan, Rosen, and a score of others. Those who are making their first voyage will find Mrs. Bryant a sympathetic guide; others will value her book for its treasure-trove of unhackneyed illustration.

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Russia in Revolution

Mr. Isaac F. Marcosson has just returned from Petrograd, where he witnessed the opening weeks of the Russian Revolution. In a foreword to his book, *The Rebirth of Russia,* he writes:

I found the capital delirious with freedom —the people still blinking in the light of the

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sudden deliverance. I saw the fruits and the follies of the new liberty.

Whatever social and economic excesses impeded the era of reconstruction—and no one can deny that the path of the infant republic is beset with peril—the larger fact obtains that the Russian Revolution of 1917 set up a distinct milepost in all human progress. If the war which has reddened Europe has achieved no other result, it would have been worth its dreadful cost in blood and treasure. The liberation of the Slav has changed the trend of universal thought, and will affect and underlie the coming centuries. It wrote on the walls of the world the solemn warning that Autocracy's day was done.

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The Man Kerensky

It is a most interesting and valuable book that Mr. Marcosson has given us —not serious history as he justly says, but frankly journalistic, and we may add that it is journalism illumined with a brilliant imagination that makes its reading effective and inspiring from cover to cover. Of particular interest just at the moment is Mr. Marcosson's account of the Russian dictator, Kerensky, a man barely thirty-five years of age, and yet embodying in his personality the hope of Russia, and one of the great hopes of the allied cause:

Kerensky was born in Simbirsk, where his father was principal of the local high school. He received his first instruction at Tashkent, where he completed the high-school course, after which he studied law at the University of Petrograd. He could not afford to embark at once upon the uncertain sea of a new legal practice, so he became assistant to a Commissioner of Oaths and subsequently became one of these officials himself.

While at school Kerensky was known for his ready speech and fervid oratory, which let loose at the slightest provocation. When he finally took up his law practice in Petrograd he immediately allied himself with the Labour Party, and at once made his presence felt. . . . His attitude in the Fourth Duma, to which he was elected from the Government of Saratoff, heightened the impression that perhaps this young spread-eagle orator who had a speech for every occasion, was something of a man after all. . . . Although he was a member of the Duma, his real interest and association—born of every bond of birth and conviction—was with the Extremists. When revolution broke, he found himself in a curiously anomalous situation. The conservatism of the Duma claimed his loyalty, while, on the other hand, the fierce and unrestrained radicalism of the Socialists and their allies in the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates appealed to his fervour and his imagination. . . . It was then that Kerensky cast his lot with Reason and with that great decision—it was merely part of his destiny—he became Russia's Handy Man. . . . How Kerensky survived those weeks was a miracle. His none too robust constitution was subjected to a well-nigh incredible strain. Day and night he was in almost continuous conference—pleading, debating, arguing. When he rose to speak in the public assemblies he was the target of bitter verbal attack; when he went forth into the streets his life was in constant danger. He lived on his nerves and his indomitable will kept him going.

By what process did he achieve this compelling triumph over all obstacles? In the answer is his first kinship with Lloyd George. It lies in an oratory that is perhaps his greatest gift. Like the wizard Welshman who has stood so often in Britain's breach, he speaks with an emotion that becomes a sweeping flood of passion. He lacks the Lloyd George brilliancy of imagery and he has none of that poetry and vision which are the birthright of "England's Darling." But he has a personal appeal that is well-nigh irresistible. It is convincing because it is sincere.

• • •

Paul Kester, Novelist

Vaughan Kester, who made a name for himself with *The Prodigal Judge,* has a brother who "also writes." Mr. Paul Kester has essayed the fiction world with a novel dealing with the race problem

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"BELMONT," MR. KESTER'S PRESENT HOME NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

and called *His Own Country,* which has just been published. His reputation, however, heretofore, has been as a dramatist, and perhaps the most successful of his plays was *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* as produced by Julia Marlowe. Other plays of his are *The Countess Roudine,* and *The Cousin of the King.* The Kesters came from the Middle West, Paul arriving in this world in 1870 at Delaware, Ohio. Later he and his talented brother Vaughan and his mother moved to the shores of the Potomac, and took up the then simple life of Tidewater, Virginia. In 1892, the literary gravity that centres in New York had its effect, and the two brothers moved to that city. In 1900, Paul returned to Virginia, and settled down at Woodlawn Mansion, a few miles from Mount Vernon, where he lived for the next five years. But it was in 1905 while living for a short time in England that he first conceived the plan of *His Own Country.* After an interval of study over the problems and conditions described in his book, he began his final work, and for the last two years has devoted himself exclusively to it.

His Novel

When asked recently if he did not fear that the present absorption in the great world war would diminish public interest in his novel, *His Own Country,* Mr. Kester expressed a decided opinion to the contrary. He said:

No, I do not think so. The race problem is always with us, and as my story deals in a serious way with its more serious aspects, I do not think it can be untimely. New phases of this great problem come up from day to day—but the problem itself is as old as history—very likely it will remain a problem to the end of history. Racial differences and the prejudices resulting from them have always confronted practical statesmen. The old method of dealing with them was by conquest, subjugation, or extermination. Such methods are now obsolete. Better ones must be found. Understanding must precede intelligent action along any lines, and my reason—perhaps I would better say my justification—for writing *His Own Country* has been my hope and belief that it would bring some little considered phases of this menacing and mighty problem more clearly before the minds of read-

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ers who live remote from it, yet whose consent is necessary, as it should be in a democracy, to any adjustment or settlement of living conditions where the races are existing side by side.

With the publication of his book, Mr. Kester has for the time being given up literary work in order to do his bit in the national crisis; and to that end, he is now cultivating every tillable foot of his country place near Alexandria, Virginia, where he and his mother have made their home since 1911. On the opposite page is shown a picture of his estate, "Belmont," giving some hint of the lovely country on the Virginia side of the Potomac. For Alexandria, one of the most picturesque of the old-time Virginia towns that preserves intact the atmosphere of the old South before the war, is almost directly across the river from Washington and only a few miles from Mount Vernon. During his literary work, Mr. Kester has had the advantage of the wise and helpful friendship of W. D. Howells, his mother's cousin.

PAUL KESTER, AUTHOR OF "HIS OWN COUNTRY" AND BROTHER OF VAUGHAN KESTER

DREAMS

BY FYODOR TYUTCHEV

Translated from the Russian by Abraham Yarmolinsky

As ocean's stream begirds the earthly sphere,
So man's existence is with dreams encircled.
When night arrives, the element unseen
In secret tides around our mainland surges.

Its voice is heard, entreating, rousing, urging;
The magic skiff stands ready for the sail.
The tide swells fast and bears us with its lilting
Away, where waves in shoreless darkness roll.

The heaven's dome, ablaze with starry glory,
Mysteriously issues from the depths,
And lo! we sail across abysses burning,
And fire is the wake we leave behind.

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FRAU COSIMA WAGNER

BY ARCHIE BELL

I ASKED a journalist who had interviewed popes, emperors, kings and the most celebrated men in all parts of the world: "Who is the greatest woman in the world?" He replied: "There are two: the Dowager Empress of China and Cosima Wagner of Bayreuth, Bavaria." Since he spoke, Hsi Tai-hou has gone to her ancestors and her sceptre is held by no successor; Frau Cosima is still enthroned at Bayreuth, but her court is one of ghosts and memories. But the favourite daughter of Liszt, whom Richard Wagner called "the greatest musician of them all," is an unseen queen. She is blind, very feeble, and seems only awaiting the final summons from earth. Her throne is now in a balcony overlooking the reception-room at *Villa Wahnfried,* where Richard Wagner spent the happiest days of his life and from the windows of which his grave is visible in a little plot of garden now covered by English ivy. She hears the guests arrive and depart and listens to their conversation, but Cosima remains unseen. She has not the strength to meet strangers and meeting old friends causes too much excitement and is invariably followed by the flood of tears, which the physicians have said accounts for her present condition and must be avoided. Cosima sits in her gallery and the guests come and go; but she might be with the celebrated father of whom she seems to be a living image,

FRAU COSIMA WAGNER

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so far as her presence is revealed to those who pay her homage at her beautiful villa.

Cosima's daughter, Eva Wagner Chamberlain, and her husband, the Englishman, Stewart Houston Chamberlain, invited me to *Villa Wahnfried* just at the outbreak of the present war, that I might have but a peep at Frau Cosima and hear a few details concerning her

FRANZ LISZT, FATHER OF COSIMA WAGNER. NOTE THE FACIAL RESEMBLANCE TO HIS DAUGHTER

that have not found their way into the vast literature that has been written concerning her and her circle. As I was entering the tree-bordered avenue that leads to the villa, Ferdinand, King of Bulgaria was just leaving. As he reached the stone steps, he said to Cosima's son-in-law: "I have just heard the French language spoken more perfectly than ever before in my life."

"Yes," explained Chamberlain, "he has conversed with Frau Cosima. He requested that privilege, and she, hearing him, said: 'A king does not request—he commands.' So he was taken to her balcony and they have been together for two hours."

Frau Cosima wanted to go into the house-garden and she was assisted in descending the stairs by her daughter.

"Ah, the roses are still in bloom, I see," she said, catching their fragrance. "Listen!" A thrush was warbling in the *Hofgarten* that comes to the back fence of the Villa. "Take me nearer to him," she said and Eva Wagner led her to a rustic bench. The thrush continued its song. Frau Cosima listened and understood. In a cracked, ancient voice that seemed to come from another world, she sang the Bird Song from *Siegfried*. The thrush replied more shrill than before and Frau Cosima repeated her song. There seemed to be an uncanny understanding between them and both seemed to be almost merry in the experience.

At length the thrush flew away. Frau Cosima smiled sadly and gave a signal that brought her daughter to her side. They paused beside a rose bush and the old lady reached out her bony Lisztian fingers and twisted the stem of a rose. They stepped to the ivy plot bordering a slab of granite and the widow of Richard Wagner, following a custom of many years, dropped the daily flower on his tomb and her lips murmured, as if she breathed a prayer. She came back into the house and was led not to her balcony, but to her apartments, where she could retire. It had been an exciting day—two hours' animated conversation with a king—and her watchful daughter was fearful of the result.

"I knew her for years before I came into the family," said Chamberlain, "and now as then, she seems to me to be the most marvellous woman in all the world. Memory? There seems never to have been such a memory as hers! She is able to give a *verbatim* report of a conversation that took place twenty, thirty, even forty years ago. She seems to forget nothing in her vast experience of life. Just for example, most of us believe that we are fortunate in recalling the titles

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of books that we read years ago. Frau Cosima not only recalls the titles of the principal literature in at least three languages, but she recalls the names of the principal characters, even in novels, and sometimes she has amazed us by repeating dialogue and descriptions from books that she could not have seen for many years.

"The specialists tell us her blindness is caused from excessive weeping. Frau Cosima wept almost incessantly for eight years after Richard Wagner died, and this coupled with her work in the bright rays of the limelight at the theatre completely ruined her organs of sight. During her life with Wagner, her only thought was the advancement of his ideals. Since his death, her life has been consecrated to the fulfilment of his great desires.

"The world does not know that when Richard Wagner died, he left debts amounting to fully three hundred thousand marks and his assets did not amount to more than ten thousand dollars in American money. Frau Cosima arose to the occasion, and enlisting the services of the banker, Von Gross of Munich, she undertook the artistic and financial direction of everything relating to the *Festspielhaus* and the various properties of her late husband. She had made a vow to do what Richard Wagner had aimed to accomplish before his death. She worked in the theatre early and late, personally superintending the scene-painting, the lighting, the costumes, the rehearsals of the Flower Maidens in *Parsifal,* teaching the girls how to dance as well as to sing, coaching a great prima-donna who was to sing Brunhilde. And in addition, she was in control of and responsible for all finances. Frau Cosima not only achieved the Wagnerian ideal, but she accumulated a large fortune in so doing. She has guarded the memory of Richard Wagner as Fafner guards the *Ring* treasures.

"Perhaps the world knows or suspects as much; but there is also much that the world does not know and which the world will not know for many years—not until Frau Cosima has been laid in her grave. It may surprise many people to know that the manuscript of *Meine Leben,* the great Wagnerian autobiography—one of the sublimest human documents of modern times—is in her handwriting. It was she who composed the voluminous record; only she, it appears at the time of its composition, had the prophetic mind to appreciate its tremendous importance to readers of the present day. Richard Wagner had kept notes and diaries of his earlier life and his experiences in various cities and countries. It was Frau Cosima who induced him to devote a part of each day to reviewing them. Her questions and conversations, her requests for further details and information, revived memories that otherwise must have been lost to the world. Wagner's habit was to prompt his memory of dates and persons by referring to old note-books and odd bits of paper. A professional interviewer, perhaps best of all, would appreciate her colossal task. His wife sat at her desk in the big music room and he paced up and down the floor, as he chatted familiarly of what now occupies a prominent place in musical history. She wrote down what he said; and then she went over her mass of notes and arranged the great *Autobiography* for publication.

"It is hinted sometimes in the American and English journals that parts of this autobiography were suppressed by Frau Cosima. That there were parts of it objectionable to her and that she withheld these chapters for later publication, perhaps following her own death" I said.

"I am in a position to say to you that this is not so. Why should she have had a desire to suppress what she had written for publication? No, the volumes as they appear in the original German edition are exact copies of the original manuscript.

"And is there no 'authorised' Life of Cosima Wagner? Has she never authorised her own biography, her memories of her celebrated father, her life as the wife of Hans von Buelow, as the wife of Richard Wagner, and as the

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great and dominant figure of Bayreuth, the acknowledged centre of the musical world, as relates to the music-dramas of Richard Wagner, both in their inspiration and performance?

"If I may digress a little before answering that question, there is another of the wonderful things about Frau Cosima. The fiercest limelight of publicity has been upon her for many years; but she has attempted to avoid it, excepting as it was to the glory of her late husband, the master-composer. Liszt lies in his tomb here at Bayreuth—a tomb designed by Frau Cosima's son—but his daughter's one great ambition in life seems to have been to maintain the Wagnerian supremacy. Her life with Wagner was a blissful experience in his turbulent career, and since his death, it has been one of perpetual adoration of his memory. No, there is no *Life* of Frau Cosima authorised by her and she wants none. One of the first promises she exacted from me, before I became a member of the family, was that I should refrain from writing of her in whatever I might write of Wagner and Bayreuth. This was difficult, in view of the fact that from the time of my arrival in Bayreuth, she was the central pivot of the entire organisation.

"But here I recall something else that seems to be known only to the privileged few. In a chest, which we call 'Cosima's Strong Box,' there is something more important to the world than an authorised *Life* of her would be, something that is of vastly more significance than any of the alleged suppressed chapters of *Autobiography* would be. Wagner recorded that he first saw Cosima Liszt at the home of her grandmother, the mother of Liszt, in Paris. At that time, she was little more than a child and he seems to have observed her only as the daughter of his friend. He has made frequent reference to her in his writings, but you will recall that *Meine Leben* comes to a close with his permanent establishment in Bayreuth and the erection of the *Festspielhaus* by the Bavarian king. From her first to the last day as his wife, Frau Cosima kept a voluminous diary. Of her style and of her ability in the selection of materials, we have ample opportunity to judge, after we know that it was she who wrote Wagner's *Meine Leben*. As I said before, Cosima guards this diary well, although it was written for publication and is in its final form at the present time. It will not appear in print until after her death and even then, perhaps not for some time. It seems to me, knowing the principal facts in the matter, that this is likely to prove to be one of the literary and musical treasures not only of our time, but of all time."

A side of Frau Cosima that has been overlooked by the world, excepting those great musical stars who have gone to her for instruction, is that she is the world's greatest storehouse of information in regard to the Wagnerian traditions, which are as the law of the Medes and Persians in the operatic centres. It is true that we often believe that the Shakespearean traditions have become almost extinct in America, because the knowledge of them is possessed by a small group of men and women, most of whom are no longer actively engaged in theatrical work. The Wagnerian traditions intact remain in the mind of a feeble and tottering old lady. Prior to Richard Wagner's death, she had been content and happy to be the wife of the great composer. She had heard him tell of his aims and ambitions and perhaps gave more than a usually attentive ear. She was at his side as he worked, and as heretofore related, she wrote his life's story. But up to the time of his death, she concerned herself with the affairs of his household, receiving his guests, and personally arranging the details of the continuous functions at his villa, which had already become a place of pilgrimage for the great. He gladly acknowledged her as his inspiration, and she acted as a buffer between him and the great public that demanded so much of his time and attention, which she appreciated could be turned to better account. She knew of his work, presumably, much as the wife of any author knows of the

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growth and progress of her husband's compositions.

Here, however, came to view Frau Cosima's most amazing qualities. She was no longer a young woman when her husband died. As the world moves, she was ready for retirement from an active career. Until that time, she had not been actively engaged in the theatre. But she went to the great *Festspielhaus* as full-fledged and experienced artistic director and impresario. That she could master the financial situation was not so surprising to all who knew her; but she amazed even the stars and directors by her peerless knowledge of the technical details in connection with the entire Wagnerian repertory. I recall that the late Lillian Nordica told me that she learned more in one hour with Frau Cosima, more about the interpretation of a Wagnerian rôle, than she had learned in years of rehearsal elsewhere in opera houses. Madam Schumann-Heink, who is known as "the last of the Old Guard" at Bayreuth, gladly acknowledges that she learned from Frau Cosima what she had been unable to learn elsewhere. The same with the celebrated Lohengrin, Tristan or Siegfried. He may have sung the rôles and achieved fame by doing so in other cities; but when Frau Cosima consented to instruct him, he learned much that none of his other instructors had known.

When Cosima was an elderly woman, she astounded the assembled stars at a Bayreuth rehearsal, by going on the stage and teaching the Flower Maidens in *Parsifal* how to dance correctly. It has been said by the experts that there is not one minutest detail of the long repertory that she does not know, exactly the inflection that should be given each phrase, exactly where characters should stand on the stage, what should be every gesture, costume, even physical appearance.

And how did she know it all? Perhaps nobody knows. She believes it all came from her love for the Master, Richard Wagner. She did not know that she knew, until it was required of her. First of all, she cherished a memory that dominated her thought and action. Her aim was to achieve his ideal. Death intervened, so she stepped into action and proved herself the greatest Wagnerian director the world has ever seen.

Frau Cosima Wagner of Bayreuth! She sits in eternal darkness, and hers is a sadness that prompts tears during the majority of her waking hours, tears that have flowed over her cheeks in a never-ending stream for many years. Daughter of the greatest pianist, wife of the greatest composer, and recipient of the world's honours, she has known the great joys and the great sorrows of a great life. She can smile, but it is not human agency that prompts the smile; rather it is the song of the thrush that lifts the eternal burden. And even to the thrush, she speaks in the language of Richard Wagner. Perhaps all history records no more absolute devotion.

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ABOUT RUG BOOKS

BY H. G. DWIGHT

II

I HAVE already intimated, and I am ready to repeat, that it is possible to go too far in making merry over books that never intended to say the last word on an extremely complicated subject. If the reader will grant me that it is one of the first impulses of man to laugh at the misnaming of things and places familiar to him, I will grant the reader that it is something for an inhabitant of New York or Philadelphia to have found out where so many of the rugs on his floor came from—and that the present critic, for his own part, knows very much less about technical details than the most unreliable of the writers he criticises. I will also grant that rugs and words are something alike in that they are the common property of all mankind, and not, like marbles or canvases or other products of the more aristocratic arts, the guarded possession of a chosen few. Consequently the bonds between art and industry in these two forms of weaving are vaguer than in certain other departments of creative activity. And the owner of ten or twenty-five or sixty Asiatic rugs needs less courage to make a book about them than the possessor of a similar number of old Chinese porcelains or Italian paintings. Moreover, there is not yet, as more than one writer of rug books has pointed out, an authoritative literature on the subject. The field is still open to whomever will take it.

But it will never be taken in any such way as the one hitherto followed by American writers. It is no flattering proof of what we know of the East and its arts, or of the standards of criticism accepted among us, that publishers can go on issuing these more or less expensive picture books, improvised out of Mr. Mumford and water. Whether we regard rugs as works of art or as household conveniences, surely they deserve a study no less specialised than etchings, say, or textiles. The simplest handbook of any other art or industry presupposes a background of knowledge entirely foreign to these books. The fact is that not one of their authors possesses the equipment to write a satisfactory rug book. If I include Mr. Mumford in this assertion I must repeat that he deserves great credit for his pioneer work in an empty field. His followers, however, have done practically nothing to clarify and add to the data which he made available to them. For they persist in following a method by which it is hopeless to arrive at any solid result.

Their method, one gathers from their books, is to sit down with Mr. Mumford in one hand and a school geography in the other, dictating until they feel the need of illumination on some obscure point—when they seek enlightenment from an Armenian rug peddler or from the buyer of a department store who has been three times to Smyrna, Constantinople, Tiflis, and Tebriz. Their conception of "the Orient," at any rate, seems not to differ very materially from the Persian idea of *Firengistan,* which for the common run of Iranians lumps America with Europe and presupposes for us all a common history and language. Otherwise how could Mr. Ellwanger, for instance, declare that Arabic is the *lingua franca* of the Near East (page 122), or how could his colleagues one and all trot out their *heibelik, namazlîk,* etc., as applicable to all saddlebags, prayer rugs, and so forth? They are not to blame for not knowing Arabic, Armenian, Greek, Kurdish, Persian, Turkish, and the various dialects of those languages which are spoken in dif-

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ferent localities. But they are hardly to be commended for undertaking to volunteer information about matters of which they know little or nothing. It naturally makes one distrust everything they have to say. And I for one am unable to comprehend their childish faith in the gentlemen of the trade.

It is true enough that our knowledge and enjoyment of Oriental rugs has been gained chiefly in the way of trade, and that dealers were long, and perhaps still are, our best authorities. But while some dealers are educated men, and have enjoyed wide experience in centres both of rug selling and rug weaving, they do not appear to be the ones to whom the rug-book people apply. It is unnecessary to point out that because a man happens to buy or sell rugs, and knows how to distinguish many varieties of them, or even to speak one or two of the languages of their makers, he is not therefore infallible with regard to every aspect of the trade. For the rest, few Armenian rug dealers in America ever set their foot in any centre of rug weaving or ever troubled themselves about little matters like geography, ethnology, orthography, or philology. Few of them, either, ever hestitate for an answer. For the Oriental point of view is that courtesy requires a reply to a question, the actual truth of the reply being quite a secondary matter. Few American buyers, furthermore, remain in the countries they visit long enough to acquire much firsthand information. And the professional rug buyer is first and foremost a business man, not much more likely than his Armenian colleague to ask himself or anyone else questions about the broader aspects of the industry in which he is engaged. He is, I like to think, constitutionally more willing to utter the simple phrase, "I don't know." But it is as easy for him as for any one else to give a particular fact a general application, or to think that "Iran" and "Kermanshah" and "Khiva Bokhara" are good enough names for certain recognised kinds of rugs.

I have perhaps gone too far about to intimate what might have been said in a sentence that the writer of a satisfactory rug book should be a connoisseur doubled by an Orientalist. He should possess exact and detailed knowledge of rugs, their manufacture, the places they come from, and the languages of those places, to say nothing of their history, their religion, and their art; and he should have in him enough of a critical method to be capable of putting his material into workmanlike form. It would be an immense advantage to him, too, if he were something of a cartographer! I may seem to wander from any practical point; but the whole groundwork of this art, whose masterpieces bear the names of cities, provinces, and tribes, is geography. Only on geographical lines can any clear idea be gained of the different schools of rugs, or any foundation be laid for their history and an understanding of their mutual relations. A primary essential, then, of a satisfactory rug book is that it should contain reliable maps. In this respect the existing books are woefully inadequate. Few of them have even approximately accurate maps of Western Asia, while none of them give detailed charts of the different centres of weaving. Their classifications suffer accordingly. Most of the books make a point, for instance, of enumerating the provinces of Persia. But they also adhere to trade names, however contradictory to fact. And besides taking unaccountable liberties with the map, they further confuse the reader by jumping from their original geographical classification to other systems based on similarities of weave or design. Thus most of them make a distinction between a Meshed rug and a Khorasan —Meshed being, of course, the chief city of that province—while maintaining a mysterious silence with regard to other weaves of Khorasan. Mr. Mumford, again, invents the name Kirmanieh, under which he includes not only Kerman, but "Khorasan," Meshed, Herat, and Shiraz. And Dr. Lewis transfers Kashan to Azerbaizan, further making distinctions between Ardelan and East-

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ern Kurdistan, which do not square with the truth. As for the Central Persian province of Irak Ajemi, theoretically extending from the Elburz range to Isfahan, it means to the Persians the country around Sultanabad, the Fera'han-Saruk-Serabend country, which may be stretched to include Kashan. This comparatively small area produces more rugs than any other in Persia, and it is by no means inaccessible. Yet over it reigns in the rug books a twilight of darkest Africa. How, then, until the writers of the books know what they are talking about, and what perhaps no one in the American trade is competent to tell them, can they possibly classify with accuracy and perspective?

The problem, I admit, is far from simple. But it will never be solved in a New York library—or even in the saloon of an excursion boat on the Great Lakes, where, I am informed, one of the most popular of our authors composed his *magnum opus*. Dr. Lewis tells us that there are over fifty varieties of rugs (page 161). If he had said five hundred he would have fallen short of the truth. The fact is that there are many more kinds of rugs than anyone seems to suspect, which partly accounts for such absurd trade names as "Iran" and "Kermanshah." Such trade names as Mahal, Mushkabad, and Savalan, on the other hand, are more legitimate, having been invented by modern manufacturers to designate different grades of their own Sultanabads. But there are undreamed of subtleties even behind the most straightforward name. A Hamadan, for example, is universally described as having a camel border, or a camel ground diapered in a lighter shade, with what the rug books elegantly call a pole medallion. Whereas the majority of Hamadans are of quite other types. And until 1912, or thereabouts, not one of them came from the town of Hamadan. The plain *shotorí* (camel-coloured) Hamadan is made in the adjoining district of Mehraban, while the diapered or *shiré-shekerí* (syrupy!) is from Dargezin. Others are from Borchalu, Erzamfud, Famenin, Injelas, Kabutraheng, etc., all as truly Hamadans as the camel rugs, because they are woven in the region of Hamadan and marketed here, yet each distinctly recognisable to the expert by its own local characteristics. And every other rug centre has its own similar subdivisions, most of which remain unknown to the books.

An accurate geographical background would give us more light than we now possess with regard to the beats of nomad tribes, and help us to understand the relations between different weaves. And it is closely related to the historical background. This has hitherto been treated in far too summary a manner, with more information about the Jews and the Egyptians than about the people of the colder regions, which are the true habitat of the rug. A pretty point, for instance, waits to be established as to how much the Turks took with them into Asia Minor, and how much they found there when they arrived. There are resemblances between Anatolian, Caucasian, and Turkoman weaves which look like landmarks of an old migration. This is, of course, a subject excessively difficult to approach, by reason of a lack of documents. Yet certain documents wait to be deciphered, in the shape of historic rugs in public and private collections. These are the old masters of the art, which with the exception of the Ardebil of South Kensington and a few other famous carpets remain strangely unknown to most of our experts. There are entire books to be made out of the museums. And more to the point than quoting Scripture and the Odyssey, or describing the jewelled carpet of Ctesiphon, would be a chapter —there is room for a sizable monograph—on the rugs of pictures. The old Dutch and Italian painters could furnish out between them a priceless collection, which should shed no little light on the history of our art. Of this Mr. W. A. Hawley, at least, is aware, if he has not found time to go so thoroughly into the subject as Bode and Les-

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sing (*Oriental Rugs Antique and Modern*).

A detail of less importance, but one of which a scholarly rug book would take cognisance, is that of spelling. There is the more excuse, as I have already said, for the inconsistencies and inaccuracies in which our authors abound, because the Roman alphabet was not invented to spell the English language and because the users of that language have not yet fully agreed on how to convey its sounds. The case is further complicated by the fact that other sharers of the Roman alphabet have sounds and systems of their own, into which the rug-book people, as well as geographers and writers of travel, occasionally dip. Hence that *d* in *sedjadeh* and that *t* in *khatchli,* which are necessary to the Frenchman but superfluous for us. A more serious complication is that Oriental languages contain sounds for which we have no exact equivalent. Then the same name may be pronounced differently in different parts of the same country. Nor, again, is it always easy to settle on the form of a name. To the people of Persian Kurdistan the name of their capital, known to us as Sehna or Senna, is Senendúch, while Persians and Turks speak of it as Siné. The ancient city of Gordium, equally well known in carpet literature, enjoys a no less wonderful variety of titles, of which the Turkish is Györdéz and the modern Greek Yórthes—with the *th* hard. But even when we agree on a form we seldom agree how to convey the sound of that form to the Anglo-Saxon eye and tongue. I think it quite hopeless to attempt to do so by means of any phonetic system, relying on the more purely English combinations, like *ee, oo,* final *ie,* and all the rest. There are too many phonetic systems, and too few people understand each other's. Moreover, they are rarely consistent or complete. Mr. Mumford and his family, for example, refer to a well-known Persian province as Azerbijan. This spelling takes for granted, I suppose, that the reader will pronounce the *i* as in kite, but neglects to consider the fact that the other vowels must be uttered in a way which does not come natural to Anglo-Saxons. Our only hope is to adopt some system like that of the Royal Geographical Society, happily coming into vogue among our own editors and map-makers. If you have to learn its conventions in order to be able to use it, so do you with any other system—English being the patch-work language it is. And this system has the great merit of being both simple and logical.

Another detail in which the existing rug books fall lamentably short is that of illustration. And it is the less pardonable because so many of them bid for favour on the score of their coloured plates. As a youthful reader of romance I was always deeply offended when a heroine expressly described by the author as blonde was portrayed by the illustrator as a brunette, or when the death of the villain was depicted a dozen pages before or after the event. In the course of years my destiny led me into the retreats where these crimes are committed, and I have come to understand how they take place. But with me, I fear, to comprehend is not to pardon. As a mature reader of rug books I continue to be offended by pictures that seem to be chosen for airy reasons of decoration or availability, that put the student to the greatest possible inconvenience in comparing them with the text, or that fail to do all they can for him in the thorny matter of classification. Mr. Hawley does more for his reader than any one else, and Dr. Lewis is in this respect more satisfactory than Mr. Mumford—though I have reason to suspect that if Mr. Mumford had been allowed to make his later editions more than reprints he would have improved them in this as in other particulars. But no rug book that I have come across illustrates all the stock designs, or inserts the illustrations at the right place. A small black-and-white, setting forth an essential point at the psychological moment, is worth more than the most elaborate coloured plate stuck in where

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it is most convenient for the folder of the sheets and most economical for the publisher of the book.

Among other matters worth consideration, that of the technical processes of rug weaving will bear more study than has yet been given them. I am told by those who know more about such things than I do that the variety of knots and their spacing between strands of the foundation is greater than the rug books would lead us to believe, and that the last word has not been said about the materials used. Although the high dry climate of the Asiatic plateau is commonly averred to be responsible for the sheen and softness of the best rugs, none have a greater softness or sheen than the old Anatolians, whose wool was produced not far from sea level. And it is a fact that perhaps the most perfect rugs made in Persia to-day are woven at Kashan out of Australian wool, which is finer and silkier than any grown in "the Orient."

As for dyes, ancient and modern, the rug-book people beat their breasts a little more vehemently than they need. They mourn the growing rarity of the old vegetable dyes, and they do well. They omit to add, however, that as appalling horrors have been perpetrated with vegetable dyes as with mineral. Nor are the former so fast as the rug books contend. On the contrary, the beauty of vegetable dyes is that they will fade. The point is that they fade evenly, one shade toning into another. Whereas aniline dyes fade unevenly. The reds have a tendency to retain their vigour, while certain other colours eventually disappear. A greater fault is that they tend to harden the wool, thereby dulling the sheen which is the honour of old age. But in Persia and Turkey, at all events, aniline dyes are employed by no means so generally as the rug-book people imagine. Not only are there in Persia penalties against their importation, and against the exportation of rugs in which they are used, but it is quite incorrect to say, as Dr. Lewis does (pp. 78, 218), that two-thirds or three-quarters of modern Turkish rugs are aniline dyed. What neither he nor any one else mentions is the growing employment of alizerine dyes. These also tend to harden the wool, though it remains for a later century to determine the ultimate effect of this process. But their greatest fault is the mythic virtue attributed to the vegetable dyes: they will neither fade nor wash out.

Then there is more to be learned than we yet know about the colour scales of different weaves, and their schemes of colour combination. A point in this connection which has never been taken up is the one of outline. If you look into a Persian rug you will discover that each figure is bounded by a line of another colour, sometimes so fine as to be almost imperceptible. Nevertheless this inconspicuous outline has an extraordinary effect on the field of colour it encloses. The same tone will have an entirely different effect, or shade into different directions of the spectrum, according to the tint of its outline. Some schools of rugs, like the Bijar, follow invariable rules for outlining. A knowledge of any such law, therefore, would, of course, be a help in identification.

A subject of the utmost complexity, and one which awaits a profounder scholarship than has yet dealt with it, is that of design. There is much easy talk in the rug books about tribal marks and symbols, about Greece, Egypt, further Asia, and Central America, about palms, lotuses, and Trees of Life, to say nothing of knots of destiny, stars of the Medes, shields of David and Solomon, and S's of the Fire Worshippers. It all tends, however, to excite rather than to satisfy our curiosity. When Dr. Lewis announces (page 147) that he has devoted more consideration to this topic than any of his predecessors, he forces the critic to add that if one removed from his chapter on design everything relating to China and India there would be little left besides hearsay or guesswork. And the point of this criticism lies in the fact that he omits from the

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remainder of his book any mention whatever of Indian rugs, while to the subject of China he devotes a grand total of six pages.

As our authors study the map, and read in Mr. Mumford—whose treatment of this vast subject, however inadequate, is again more worthy than that of his colleagues—of the caravans, the conquests, the migrations, which have swept back and forth across Asia, it no doubt seems highly plausible to them that a motive originating in Egypt or India should find lodgment in Persia or the Caucasus. Nor can any one deny that the transfusion of decorative ideas is as old as the swastika. The period of *chinoiserie* in European ornament is one fanciful chapter of this tendency. I myself might write another on the unexpected places where I have found familiar details of rugs. I have seen on an old Resht embroidery, and above a dado of very Chinese-looking tiles in a fifteenth-century mosque at Adrianople, the identical border of reciprocal trefoils which is characteristic of Caucasian weaves. I have also seen Bulgarian towels ornamented after the fashion of Anatolian rugs, to say nothing of Kurdish and Persian ones. Then many of the so-called Rhodian plates, as of the Turkish tiles of the sixteenth century, bear the bent and serrated lance-leaf of the *mahi* (fish) or Herat design. But no one who has not been in the East can realise the immense conservatism of Oriental peoples, their instinctive suspicion of anything foreign, or the extreme difficulty they still have in communicating with one another. And the gentlemen of the rug books incline to forget that wool rugs are primarily the product of cold climates. One should think twice, therefore, before accepting the theory that so characteristic a Persian design as the spindle, alias the "pole medallion" of the rug books, is derived from so exotic a plant as the lotus, or that a palm could suggest very much to a man who never set eyes on one. Even the cypress is too much a friend of the sun to be very familiar to the highlanders of Western Asia. I question, moreover, whether it is safe to identify the latter with the Tree of Life, the "sacred Cocos," and other mythic vegetables. The Mohammedan Tree of Life, or the *tuba,* as Mr. Mumford correctly names it, is, of course, an authentic specimen of the botany of design. I see no reason, however, to jump to the conclusion that the weavers of Kerman were thinking about it when they created their delightful pots of flowers. Nor does Mr. Hawley inspire me with confidence when he naturalises Chinese symbols of connubial happiness in Persia. His pair of ducks on an animal rug in the Metropolitan Museum might perfectly be hens, pigeons, or poppinjays.

As for the so-called Persian pear pattern, concerning which the rug books evolve so many fanciful theories, I know no more about it than they. But I do know that the Persians call it the *buté,* meaning twig or bush, by which they further designate the camel-thorn of their bare plains. And I have seen the same design on old Indian silks, as in photographs of a foliated Egyptian damask of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, of a Rhages jar of the thirteenth century, and of the tiles of the mosque of Sidi Okba in Kairuan, which were imported from Bagdad in the ninth century; while the Turks used to employ a similar motive in the form of a cypress with a bent top. Only under the most serious reserves, therefore, should one countenance any legend of crown jewels, Hindu rivers, and what not. If the *buté* represents anything at all—on which there is no reason to insist—it is probably a conventionalisation of some plant form, and far more ancient than the regalia of so modern a dynasty as that of the Hajars.

In any case, these are questions not to be answered by rug peddlers or by gentlemen who have been three times to Tiflis. Having been there myself only twice, I say no more!

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TWO REVIEWS OF THE MONTH

I

WALTER DE LA MARE'S "PEACOCK PIE"*

TO FIND a new volume by Mr. Walter de la Mare, already known to American readers through *The Listeners* and *Songs of Childhood,* is to discover a rare and exquisite flower in the sometimes unweeded garden of modern poetry. *Peacock Pie* may fairly be called new, though 1912 saw the publication of a first edition in England. It did not then, however, find its way across the ocean, and the illustrations by Mr. Heath Robinson give the book, for children at any rate, an added value.

Mr. de la Mare has never lost his way to the land of dreams. "The pleasant land of Make-Believe," into which the little boy of Stevenson's *Child's Garden* can escape at will, is a region fully explored and charted, and the adventures to be encountered there are familiar to every child. In the opening chapter of *Peter Ibbetson,* du Maurier, with his artist's memory, catches the unreasoning raptures of childhood as no other writer has ever done. But du Maurier, in spite of his talent for light verse, was no poet, and his charming little Gogo Pasquier is no more so than his creator. The childhood world of Peter Ibbetson is made of realities, realities transformed into things rich and strange, perhaps, but still to be seen and known. The child who speaks in Mr. de la Mare's poems, however, is in Cowley's famous phrase, irremediably a poet. If the wonderful children of the Yorkshire moors had not been cheated of childhood's heritage of irresponsibility, one might picture them tiptoeing through the heather, away from the stony bleakness that they called home, to know fellowship with "slim Melmillo," who called the birds

> to rest
> In the hollow of her breast.

But to see Mr. de la Mare's visions, childhood needs a background not of grey, but of silver.

Poetry about children is not always poetry for children, as all children know and most compilers of anthologies forget. The arresting beauty of Mr. de la Mare's poetry sets the adult reader to wondering by what grace that is denied to other poets of the first rank he can enter so easily into the kingdom of childhood. For in the rich variety of his poetry he speaks to all children, not merely to a few. The child who will listen to nothing more than the jingle of rhyme can hear it in singing verse like that about "Poor Jim Jay" who

> Got stuck fast
> In yesterday.

or in the curious music of

> Thousandz of thornz there be
> On the Rozez where gozez
> The Zebra of Zee:
> Sleek, striped, and hairy,
> The steed of the Fairy
> Princess of Zee.

The child who finds delight in sharing the life of whatever walks on four feet can have kindly commerce with the wisest of donkeys and gentlest of comrades, Nicholas Nye; the child who loves wonder-tales about every day doings can read how the fairy helped the old woman who

> Went blackberry picking
> From Weep to Wicking.

Even the slow imagination of the dullard can respond to the verse about the poor dunce's complaint of the clock:

*Peacock Pie. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Heath Robinson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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Why does he still keep ticking?
Why does his round white face
Stare at me over the books and ink,
And mock at my disgrace?

Again, it might be the very utterance of the wondering little Hartley Coleridge that ends "Hide and Seek."

Hide and seek, say I
To myself, and step
Out of the dream of Wake
Into the dream of Sleep.

It is perhaps in this understanding of the whole of childhood that something of his secret lies. Yet even in his poems for children he is more than a poet for children. Each year-laden reader who can look through the magic casement of Mr. de la Mare's verses will see among the shadowy figures that flit about the moon-silvered lanes a tiny ghost that was once himself.

A haunting consciousness of the unseen pervades the poet's child-world as it does that of the older world to which *The Listeners* is addressed. The lovely innocence of childhood, like the austere purity of the Lady in Comus, hears "airy tongues that syllable men's names," in all that seems solitude. Outdoors and indoors the unknown companionship is always there. A thin voice goes

Piping airs
Along the grey and crooked walks

of a haunted house. Under the mistletoe

Just as I sat there, sleepy, lonely,
Stooped in the still and shadowy air
Lips unseen, and kissed me there.

There is "nobody at the window, nobody at the door," yet

A clear still eye
Peeps closely through the casement as my steps go by.

In some of the poems in the fourscore and odd that make up *Peacock Pie* the poet has, it may be admitted, strayed beyond the range of childhood. Here is "The Song of Shadows," for example, one of a half-dozen or more that might perhaps be set to better advantage than in a book designed for children.

Sweep thy faint strings, musician,
With thy long lean hand,
Downward the starry tapers burn,
Sinks soft the waning sand;
The old hound whimpers couched in sleep,
The embers smoulder low;
Across the walls the shadows
Come, and go.

Sweep softly thy strings, musician,
The minutes mount to hours,
Frost on the windless casement weaves
A labyrinth of flowers;
Ghosts linger on the darkening air,
Hearken at the open door,
Music hath called them dreaming.
Home once more.

The hushed wonder of these lines will touch the spirit of children less than that of their elders. But Mr. Robinson's drawings, closer to the familiar realities of life than the poetry he is seeking to interpret, have a cheerful certainty which will help to lead childish adventurers happily across the threshold of Mr. de la Mare's world of magic and mystery. And who but Gradgrind himself could be ungrateful for the largesse that is content to offer such poems to child readers?

Maude Morrison Frank.

II

Henri Barbusse's "Le Feu" ("The Life of a Squad")*

The sub-title, the "Life of a Squad," is somewhat misleading. There is much more than the life of a squad in this brilliant and varied narrative, which records or divines wide areas of experience. It is not a chronicle, still less a diary, but combines pictures of men in masses, and of individual types, moralisings, impressions, observations, episodes, into a

*This review is based on the French edition. The book will be published in an English translation early this fall by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.—*Editor's Note.*

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sort of epic of army life from the point of view of a private soldier. There is a common point of view among private soldiers, says M. Barbusse, despite their personal diversity, for under the grinding of the same harsh conditions they come to think alike; and their thoughts are very simple.

"Here there's no looking ahead. You've got to live day by day, hour by hour, if you can."

"Sure, old nut-face, got to do what they say till they tell us to quit."

"There you are," yawned Mesnil-Joseph.

The sun-burned, dirt-stained faces grew thoughtful. Drawn from every corner of the land and herded at the front, these men all have the same feelings: Renouncement of all attempt to understand; renouncement of all attempt to be themselves; hope of escaping death; and determination to live as best they can.

Another point in common is the love of grumbling. They grumble at each other, at the people at home, at journalists, peasants, cooks, slackers, the government, food, weather, everything, and with a fine impartial vivacity; in fact they have made an art of it, which they pursue for its own sake, the richness and vigour of the invective often having no relation to the importance of the grievance. When the cook is ten minutes late there is a profane splendour in their language that recalls our ancient masters and shows how far we have fallen in the arts of objurgation. Shakespeare might have used these rich repulsive metaphors, but nowadays with us the language of abuse is so impoverished that the vocabulary of a strong man swearing in his wrath will barely fit a child's vexation.

They are good and very expressive haters but they do not hate the German private soldiers. They think the journalists in the rear have lied about them. The usual *boche,* they say, is about like the usual *poilu;* only he is the dupe of his superiors. That sort of training might turn any man into a German; it might even turn a dog. The *poilus* are quite large-minded on this subject. But on the subject of the German officers they admit of no argument. They are "a special kind of vermin," the German officers, "the microbes of the war"—

I saw one of 'em once, a prisoner. The putrid lump! A Prussian colonel, with a coronet and gold blazon, looking down at everyone from the top of his stiff collar. "Wait, old bird," said I, "I'll make you rattle, I will." I took my time, and got my range behind him, and I landed a kick with all my might. He fell down flat, half strangled.

Strangled?

Yes, with rage when he learned what had happened, to wit, that he an officer and noble had had his hinder parts kicked in by the hob-nailed shoe of a simple *poilu.* He went off letting out yells like a woman, and gesticulating like an epileptic.

And the German officers are not the only microbes of war. The men for whom M. Barbusse speaks hate everybody and everything that brought on the war, governments, classes, dogmas, influences of whatever sort and in whatever country which contributed to the result:

Against you and the general good—and you are the general good—there are the brandishers of swords, the money-getters, gamblers, financiers, big and little traffickers, buttressed in their banks or in their houses, their heads stuffed tight with dead doctrines and shut up like strong-boxes.

And the silly folk who get drunk on the noise of drum and fife; and those old troglodytes who swear by tradition that every bad thing must continue to be; and the priests with their laudanum of kingdom come; and the historians, economists, and the whole tribe of muddle-headed theorists who proclaim the antagonism of race and turn patriotism into a homicidal insanity.

The short view is the sickness of the human spirit. The learned are a breed of ignoramuses who lose sight of the simplicity of things, extinguish it, blacken it

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with formulas and details. You learn from books the little things, not the big ones.

. . . . . .

As to morality, they denature it. How many crimes have they turned into virtues, by a single word, calling them "national." And truth, they disfigure it. For the eternal verity they substitute each one his national verity. So many peoples, so many truths, each twisting, falsifying the truth. These are the creatures with their childish, contemptible discussions that you hear above you whining: "It was not I who began it. It was you." "No, it was not I: it was you." And so on—"You began it." "No, *you* began it"—babble that keeps the wound of the world open for all time, because the people who do the talking are not the ones who are concerned and because the talkers have no real wish to put an end to it. All those folk who cannot bring and do not wish to bring peace on earth; all those folk who hitch themselves for one cause or another to the old order of things and find reasons for that old order or trump them up; they are your enemies. Just as much your enemies as the German soldiers who are lying about you—poor dupes shamefully deceived and brutalised—domestic animals. They are your enemies no matter where they were born, or how they pronounce their names, or what language they do their lying in. Look at them in the sky and on the earth; look at them everywhere. See them just once, for what they are, and remember it forever!

"They will tell you," groaned a man on his knees, digging the earth with his hands and shaking his shoulders like a dog, "'My friend you're a hero.' I don't like to have them tell me that."

Frank Moore Colby.

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SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

ONLY last year Professor W. L. Phelps said, in THE BOOKMAN, "Every line in the books of Miss Wilkins reads as though it had come out of the author's actual experience. She is primarily truthful, and never prepares an artificial effect—never sacrifices reality for sensation." Even at that time there were bits of Mrs. Freeman's work which must have escaped Professor Phelps's eye. She had made several clumsy and flimsy experiments in the direction of romance of the pretty sort. The attempt to harness her staid and penetrating art to the skittish fancy of Miss Florence Morse Kingsley has been singularly unlucky. *An Alabaster Box* is a figment whose effect, such as it is, is purely artificial. Mrs. Freeman's part in the enterprise would seem to have been to overlay the unstable fluff of the narrative with a stout fabric of New England dialect. The story itself has been painfully put together. You may fashion a pillow out of the silk of milkweed, if you have patience to gather and clean and pack, but it will be a slimpsy affair in the end, and none the better for a cover of the heaviest ticking. The truth is there is little life or nature in this book, little truthfulness and not a great deal of amusement. It is pretty frankly fabricated, "built around" a situation. A country banker betrays his trust and ruins his clients, and is sent to jail. There is nothing novel in this, for, if we are to believe the story-tellers, most American country bankers are frauds and embezzlers. The fresh situation consists in the return of the banker's daughter to "Brookville," and her attempts by means of charity and public service of all kinds, to make atonement and restitution. She is not under her own name, and is making fair headway, when the father's release from prison and return to the village gives away the truth. Then comes the test for the girl's two wooers, which the feeble and snobbish young parson fails to pass, and the honest son of the soil passes with ease. The jail-bird father takes himself off, and the village rises and calls the damsel blessed, and all is well. The situation is good enough, the plot might be vitalised, but there is no creative breath here, no sincere characterisation. It is a pity that Mrs. Freeman should lend her name and her left hand to work so shallow and perfunctory as this.

Her own New England, the scene of the early tales, is an affair of black and white, of strong crude forces and repressions. Such is the New England of Mrs. Wharton in *Ethan Frome* and *Summer*. But while Miss Wilkins's voice had always a certain raw tang of the native, altogether lacked grace and flexibility, *was* the voice of rustic New England, Mrs. Wharton has had the task of subduing her rich and varied and worldly instrument to its provincial theme. She has succeeded: *Summer* shows all the virtue of her style and none of its weakness. Here is no rou-

*An Alabaster Box. By Mary Wilkins Freeman and Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Summer. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Helen of Four Gates. By an Ex-Mill-Girl. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Bromley Neighborhood. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Joyful Years. By F. T. Wawn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Empty House. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Inner Door. By Alan Sullivan. New York: The Century Company.

The Long Lane's Turning. By Hallie Erminie Rives. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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tine elegance, no languor of disillusion, no bite of deliberate satire. As in *Ethan Frome,* this writer who has come perilously near being the idol of snobs shows herself as an interpreter of life in its elements, stripped of the habits and inhibitions of the polite world. The story lacks the tragic completeness of the earlier one, has indeed a species of happy ending,—an ending, at worst, of pathos not without hope. The scene is the New England village of North Dormer, once as good as its neighbours, but now deserted and decaying in its corner among the hills. It is vignetted in a few sentences at the beginning: "A little wind moved among the round white clouds on the shoulders of the hills, driving their shadows across the fields and down the grassy road that takes the name of street when it passes through North Dormer. The place lies high and in the open, and lacks the lavish shade of the more protected New England villages. The clump of weeping willows about the duck pond, and the Norway spruces in front of the Hatchard gate, cast almost the only roadside shadow between lawyer Royall's house and the point where, at the other end of the village, the road rises above the church and skirts the black hemlock wall enclosing the cemetery." The Hatchards are the great people of the place, with an elderly spinster still solvent and in residence, and a Memorial Library bearing musty witness to that distinguished and now extinguished author, Honorius Hatchard, who had hobnobbed with Irving and Halleck, back in the forties. Another old family are the Royalls. Their present representative is the middle-aged lawyer who, after showing promise elsewhere, has returned to North Dormer while still a young man, for the apparent purpose of going to seed there at his leisure. Above the village, though at distance—fastness of a strange community of outlaws and degenerates—towers the craggy mountain from which, years back, Lawyer Royall has rescued a child. As Charity Royall she grows up in his household, and after his wife's death becomes its unchallenged ruler. Her little liking for Royall himself he has destroyed by making, in his "lonesomeness," a single false step toward her. Her own lonely lot in unyouthful North Dormer is lightened only by the vague dreams of girlhood. Then the fairy prince comes in the person of a young architect from the city whom certain local relics of fine building have attracted to the neighbourhood, and whom a swift romance with the girl Charity holds there. She becomes his mistress, he deserts her in her "trouble," she turns desperately to the haunt of her people, "the Mountain"; and is rescued for a second time and finally by Lawyer Royall. In her marriage with the aging man whom she has scorned there is, we really believe, some chance of happiness, or at least content. Young love is dead, but old love is ready to creep into its place. Mrs. Wharton has often been accused of bitterness; let her critics note that the whole effect of this powerful story hangs upon our recognition of the power of simple human goodness—not "virtuousness," but faithful, unselfish devotion of one sort or another—to make life worth living.

Until the end itself, *Summer* has seemed to be moving, as *Ethan Frome* moved, toward some grim catastrophe. So with *Helen of Four Gates,* a dour and terrible tale of rustic England, the England of Hardy and of Phillpotts. We look for some such crash of fate or passion in the outcome, as, for example, in that of *The Whirlwind* of the latter chronicler. It does not come. At the eleventh hour, through the tiniest of loop-holes, escape is achieved. But until that hour it is a cruel tale, gloomy and haunting as *Wuthering Heights,* or, let us say, *The House with the Green Shutters.* Four Gates is a North of England village, narrow, self-centred, bound by its own conventions. The strange figures in it are old Abel Mason, a well-to-do farmer of bitter nature and violent moods, and his daughter. Mason confesses to a drop of madness in his veins, and predicts that the girl who

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bears his name will show it in time. In reality she is not his daughter, but the child of the woman who has thrown him over for another man. In vengeance the old man lives for the sake of torturing this child, whom everybody believes to be his own. She has given her passionate heart to Martin Scott, Mason's "hired man," as they say in New England—an honest fellow, but less courageous than she. Over them both Mason dangles the sword of Helen's hereditary madness. Finally Martin's courage gives out, and he leaves Four Gates and Helen. In despair the girl permits herself to be married to an ex-tramp whom Mason has hired for the purpose, and the advanced stages of her torture begin. Presently she finds herself with child, is filled with despair and loathing, but in the end determines to see it through, to meet whatever fate may have in store. Then comes the return of Martin Scott, a broken man, and her dead heart rises to welcome him. But it all seems black and hopeless; that the child of her hate is born dead does not release her, Martin himself is on the verge of death. Then the very might of her love wrests him back. They determine to take their hour of happiness and to meet the inevitable end together, when fate or Providence turns kind, and they are enabled to salvage some years, at least, of happiness, from what has seemed the total wreck of their lives. Here, as in *Summer*, the rising inflection at the end of the tale is a heartening thing for the reader who has braced himself for unmitigated tragedy. If there is artifice in it, that is a kindly artifice such as, we must recognise, the Powers themselves do not disdain to employ on fit occasion. Nature does not always work by rule of the average probabilities.

For Miss Brown rural New England is a scene of more varied colour and contour than for Mrs. Freeman or Mrs. Wharton. And with all her fidelity to detail she is essentially romantic. The neighbours of Bromley are Yankee to the bone, but in the end they have to do what their literary sponsor's warm fancy demands of them. Bromley was "a country neighbourhood, part of a New England township of that name, where everybody took back to English ancestry and clung with unthinking tenacity to old habits of thought." A few old families had always been in the ascendant, among them the Neales and the Greenes. Now, there is Thomas Neale, the prosperous farmer, a man used to having his own way, a martinet in his relation to his wife and his two sons. He covets the little acreage that several generations back had been carelessly cut from the Neale property by a too-generous Neale ancestor and given to the Brocks. Coveting it, he will stick at no means of getting it, down to bullying the new-made widow of the latest of the Brocks. Ardelia Brock is a silly woman, and might have been easy prey for Neale but for her daughter Ellen, who is of sterner stuff. Secretly on their side are Neale's wife Mary, a woman of heroic mould, and his son Hugh, who loves the virginal Ellen. The sordid motive of "property" is to the fore, it will be observed, as the motive which governs only less generally in the New England than in the Old. It dominates also in the relation of the brothers Greene, the elder of whom has defrauded the younger of his heritage; and, by way of Aunt Tab and her wood-lot, it brings about the physical downfall of Neale himself. Thomas Neale, to tell the truth, is a figure almost as inhumanly consistent as Abel Mason in *Helen of Four Gates*. Mr. Phillpotts would have tempered both of them, brought them within range of our sympathy. Neale's authority is based upon a colossal pettiness. He turns his oldest son out of his house for walking home from a dance with the inhibited Ellen. A man sore-stricken in body, he will not speak for months, even to his wife, because his sister has sold her own property without his consent. He is the type of Yankee who systematically bites off his own nose to spite his face. We believe in him as a type; as a man he is nothing but a

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bogey, since Miss Brown does not permit us to find anything likable or tolerable in him. It is hinted, to be sure, that there is the seed of something pure and generous in his relation to his wife which may in time grow to respectable maturity, but we have little hope of him. Mary Neale is the really strong character of the book, a woman of heroic gentleness, a Ceres whose bounty is inexhaustible. Ellen Brock, too, is a fine portrait of proud maidenhood. The story in which these people are involved has too conscious a "plot," but that seems the fate of Miss Brown's extended novels. For the rest, this is a book animated with zeal for the defence of the world against tyranny. Miss Brown has a hearty scorn for our official neutrality and our general indifference during the early years of the war. She represents her Bromley as a community of dullards and slackers, lighted by the torch of one or two prophets who really see what is going on in the world, and what Bromley's part in it should be: "Since the war began," cries old Sally Wheeler, "I really believe I've seen up into the stars, and down through the middle of the earth. And the thing I've seen clearest is the sacredness of the soil you were born on and the duty you owe the dead that worked on it and died for it. You can't be unfaithful. You can't. . . . I believe there's something over and above what we call America, and that they can't down. The politician that only wants to get votes out of her—he can't down her. And these men round here that don't know there's a war going on till you scream it at 'em—they can't down her. And when the minute comes she'll get up and—my God, Ellen Brock! she'll take the sword."

We are brought into the trenches before we are done with *The Joyful Years,* and trench life is pictured vividly enough; but it is, after all, chiefly a convenience for rounding off what is essentially an old-fashioned love story. There are only three persons of much account in the narrative: Cynthia Bremner, young and fair; Shaun James, middle-aged novelist, one of the poor but distinguished sort, and Peter Middleton, well born but also poor. Cynthia's father and mother, Sir Everard and Lady Bremner, are the disdainful British aristocrats of immemorial story. They suspect Shaun James, for whom Cynthia has sworn friendship, of wishing to marry her, and he is, of course, ineligible. Therefore, with the well-known fatuousness of their kind, they thrust young Peter upon her by way of diversion, believing that his youth and impecuniousness make him absolutely "safe" as a companion for any daughter of theirs. But young love laughs once more at bank accounts, and the upshot is a runaway marriage, abetted by the self-sacrificing Shaun. Some play is made with the modern motive of the young girl's revolt against the "economic" slavery to which she is held by her Victorian parents, but the fact that she has no cheque-book or latch-key of her own appears to have small actual bearing upon the story. In due season the proud Sir Everard, again true to form, forgives the errant couple, contenting himself with making his daughter a mean allowance. Peter, however, has meanwhile budded forth into a promising caricaturist, and the way seems fairly clear for the young couple when the war breaks out. Shaun at once enlists and begs Peter, for Cynthia's sake, to consider him his representative at the front. This will not do for Peter, who, though he hates war and believes himself a coward, must play the game for England. The trenches show him as brave as his comrades, and presently relinquish him, not too seriously crippled, to the arms of Cynthia. The tale is told in very leisurely and feminine fashion, and its endless descriptions are touched with a sort of mild eroticism; it seems that we shall never get to the end of the heroine's physical charms.

The Empty House is a book of more serious character, a novel of pur-

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pose, or, as we now say, of ideas. Its problem is the difficult one of woman's direct responsibility to the race, of the right relation of wifehood and motherhood. The concrete instance is presented with vigour and sincerity. A girl grows up facing an awful example of what marriage may bring to a woman. Her father boasts of being "an old-fashioned man, with old-fashioned ideas about a family." In spite of warnings, he holds his wife, year after year, to the business of child-bearing. When she finally dies at her post, the women, and his little daughter, who has overheard the womens' talk, hold him responsible as her murderer. The girl lives in the fear of marriage, and resists the love which leads to marriage. When she finally succumbs it is with the explicit understanding that there are to be no children. After marriage neither she nor her husband is awakened to any desire for children, and for a time they are sufficient to each other. Then the man begins to be absorbed in his job, as men will be, and the wife, having no job, is discontented. Presently, doting upon him as she does, she begins to be ambitious for him and to interfere, openly and secretly, with the business of his life. He must succeed, he must show himself the peer of other men of their set. Pitting her will and cunning against his will and enthusiasm for honest work, she contrives to put him under an intolerable strain which in the end kills him. Long before the end she has heard the truth, unbelieving, from the lips of a German scientist who sums up the disease of American women as a disease not of sexlessness, but of unsatisfied sex. In refusing children they perpetrate "a crime against nature, a biologic sin." From wishing to love without consequence or fulfilment, this type of woman is condemned to love more always, to be destroyed by loving, and, very often, to destroy her mate. "The more she has not children," growls the great man, "the more by nature she must have him. He is her necessity—her life. . . . She must drive him; she must love and have his love—each according to her nature. By extravagance, by lightness, by interference, by too much anxiousness of love. Each according to her nature—but all for sex, for love. And if for one man only, then so much the more dangerous. She seeks, she drives; often, many times, she drives him—for love. She kills him, often in his business, literally—as by her hands." The woman does not believe it; but it is all happening to her, and the end is not spared. And there is nothing left for her, since she has put all her eggs in one basket and smashed them all at a stroke, as if deliberately. A story with an idea, a moral if you like, and yet not a tract, for these people have the breath of life in them, are real as the action is real, however slightly both may be outlined.

Among current problems which the story-tellers are trying to interpret, the case, or the pickle, of capital and labour is now a familiar one. Several recent novels may be recalled which have dealt more or less hopefully with this theme. The trouble with most of them is that they attempt to solve the problem by means of some infallible key or specific. This is not true of *The Inner Door*. It is a book of spiritual quality, an interpretation, not a solution. Its spirit is embodied in the devoted and mystical Sohmer, who sees so far beyond the scene of the moment, and aspires to something so much higher for "his people," the workers, than any improvement in hours or wages. A great rubber factory in the Canadian town of "Brunton" is willed by its owner to his daughter Sylvia, who has just reached womanhood, with the instructions, "Keep the wheels turning, and hang on to Pethick." Pethick is the manager, a man who has risen from the ranks, but whose whole strength and soul have long been given to increasing the profits of the business at all costs. Sylvia is already betrothed to brilliant young Kenneth Landon. She is, however, to spend a year abroad before their marriage. Kenneth wishes to

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win his own spurs in the meanwhile, that he may not be merely the amiable husband of a rich woman. Immediately after her departure circumstances change his plans, and he enters Sylvia's factory as a common workman, under an assumed name and without her knowledge. Chance brings him into the Sohmer household, and here he falls under the influence not only of the benignant Dane, but of his daughter, who has inherited his singleness of mind and greatness of soul. In the factory Kenneth sees at once that everything is ordered for the profit of the owners at the workers' expense. There are malcontents, some of them moved by selfish considerations, a few, like Sohmer, by their desire for justice to all men. The manager, Pethick, is ruthless in his expedients for speeding up the output without increasing the outlay of the mill. The issue is one of those indeterminate clashes of force which result in a momentary readjustment through compromise. It is not reached till after the martyrdom of Sohmer. He himself has looked for no sudden triumph of right: "This thing we both want," he says, "is like a tree, not a volcano. One cannot in any way see it grow, but it grows nevertheless. And so in it the work of any one man is not to be found by itself, but all men satisfied must be to have it seem that their work is lost." So he goes out of life, quietly and greatly as he has lived, feeling his effort not in vain. Meanwhile a bond has grown between Kenneth and Greta Sohmer; in the end it is revealed to Kenneth that she and not the worldly and shallow Sylvia is his real mate, the companion of his future adventures in the service of his kind. There is nobility in this book, with its vision of a future for humanity beyond our turmoil. "Today the world is tired," says Sohmer, with his high simplicity, "and our rest is not rest at all, but for another struggle only a preparation. But some day there will come the one thing that the world has not yet tried, and yet waiting for it has been so long. . . . God."

Drink is the theme underlying the somewhat artificial structure of *The Long Lane's Turning*. It is a story of romantic contrivance based upon the working out of a preconceived idea. If it were crudely done, one might dismiss it as a tract of melodramatic colour. That astounding coincidence which brings together in a far place Harry Sevier, and the former client whom he has wronged, and the girl Echo, and the villain Craig, demands an unquestioning credulity of which the higher art of fiction and of drama has no need. Nor is it safe to scrutinise the possibility of the culminating scene, in which the masked Sevier converses undetected with men who are his own intimates and supporters. This, in short, must be taken as a romance—an arrangement rather than an interpretation of life. Its substance need not be rehearsed here. The action involves (involves overmuch at times!) a number of interesting persons, and whatever flimsiness may be discerned in the plot, there is none in the style. Here also we have a summing up of the matter from the lips of the central figure, Sevier, the jail-bird who is nevertheless to be governor: "There was an Eye that watched and a Hand that overruled," he said slowly. "Even the evil and the hatred—the temptation, the sin and the pain—the penalty—it overruled them all. Drink made the man who shot Craig a criminal—yet but for that burglary you might now be Craig's wife! Drink sent me to Craig's house that night—yet but for that journey I could not have saved you. Drink closed the prison door on me, but only there—I know it now!—could I have mastered it! And if I have won in this campaign and if I sit—with you, my darling!—in the Mansion on the Hill, it is because of what I learned within these walls—the knowledge of what drink has done to men!"

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THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

GALVESTON, TEX.

DEAR AUTHOR OF "THE INEVITABLE ADVENTURE":*

TO-DAY I read your story. Sitting in a corner of the public library (for those who are forever buying postage stamps cannot be forever buying magazines) I read. And the tears rolled down my cheeks, and I made a great and disturbing noise snuffling them up, and finally gave myself over to the luxury of them and that pain which is the most heart-breaking of all pains—the overpowering longing for the unattainable.

For I have heard the call that the City sends to its children, wherever they may be. It is shouted to me between the covers of every magazine that I pick up; the ocean argues it, and beckons, and challenges. The whistle of a train in the dead of night is like a sudden, imperative summon—and I can never answer the summon. New York is not for me.

Ah, but I know New York. And love it—and glory in it. It is my city. Distance cannot keep me from belonging. A family that is separated is still a family. A mere matter of some thousand intervening, inconvenient miles cannot keep me from living in Greenwich Village! I know its crooked streets, its colours, its sounds. How do I know this? By that sixth sense which puts you in places; which enables you to shade with your imagination the rough sketch that a story gives of a place or a city.

Besides, to those of us who live in what we write it is impossible not to live in what we read. And so I, too, have bohemia. Since it is a state of mind it is just as real to me here as to you there. But there is this difference. If success comes to you, your village will rejoice with you. New York will applaud as you climb the golden ladder. If success comes to me, it will be here in my little room, with never a toast or a taper, and only myself for the shouting and the tumult.

To-day, after I read your article, I went down to the ocean and sat on a rock, with the spray splashing in my face. The ocean brings me nearer to my city. This touches there. These waters—so I like to fancy—sweep beneath the Statue of Liberty, glide along in the shade of those mountains erected to mart and trade, and lap the wharves. As I watched, a long grey shadow, far out, milky with distance, slipped down the ocean's edge, under the eaves of the sky.

It was going to New York.

And I stood upon the deck and waved and waved and waved. I was leaving more than just my home and loved ones. I was leaving the little girl of me—the one who dreamed, and built the beautiful plans. Now the dreams were over. I was stepping into the future, that future which had looked so bright that the glory of it shone across my girlhood years, making of privation and trouble petty things; whispering in my ear, "Hardship and poverty—these are your tools. You cannot build without them. It is opportunity, not obstacle. To write you must live. This is living!"

So I stored it all away in my treasure chests, and waited and served my apprenticeship happily. And to-day I and my treasures were sailing forth to the test. We were going to discover if there was real gold in the nuggets.

At last we came to New York. Misty-eyed, choky-throaty, I watched the mighty buildings drawing nearer, going higher—piercing the blue vastness at eagle heights. This was the cul-

*"The Inevitable Adventure" is the title of an article that appeared in the July BOOKMAN.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

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mination of another's plans; these had risen from some timid boy's day dreams.

By and by, after the way of fairy tales, I found myself in the Village. I think I did not have to look for bohemia. It was there, about me. The streets were tinged with the hue of it; the hurrying steps, the cries, the sounds, held the minor note of it. And in the restaurant where I went — trembling with eagerness, half afraid—it shone round and about, making of the plain food, whatever it was, ambrosia for the gods.

Here and there I caught snatches of vague things—a word thrown from table to table, a gay group just vanishing around a corner, a bar of laughter from a taxi window—the undercurrent of fascinating things happening about me. It set a thousand ideas darting into my brain, like winged birds that dip and touch the water and are gone again. This was a story-teller's happy hunting ground.

Soon I was a part of the Village, working in my little room, dining here and there, passing and repassing in halls and on the streets others who thought and worked as I did, and were interested in the things I found interesting. How it fed the soul! How it kindled the sparks of imagination and creation! The struggle, the work, the faith in one's ability, and the daily intercourse with those whose gods were mine—success and fame and riches could hold nothing greater than this. Here was fulfillment!

Listen, you—I have never known an established writer. I myself write because—why, *because*. I cannot help it! The things are there, pounding with their persistent little knuckles to be let out. They are bigger than I. I am clay in their hands. They have their way with us.

I do not know if my writing holds promise, except that I get an occasional acceptance. My little craft sweeps headlong down the river, because the current of thought is swift and will not be still, but I do not know the port, or any of the mileposts. There is nothing to follow except, now and then, that fleeting glimpse, on ahead, of a wraith of a pilot who has been called Inspiration.

I am glad there are some in bohemia who are gathering the happy things. Let him who yelps of sham receive only the sham. Some there are who see the stars, and to have the power to see a thing is to be very near to it.

Your optimism makes it happier, somehow, for those of us who know bohemia and can never know it; who have it in our hearts, and can never so much as touch it with the tips of our fingers; who have heard the call, and have discovered the road, and have seen the lights of the city, but for whom the gates are forever closed.

N. P.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor of The Bookman:

In your magazine for June, page 361, the writer refers to the Chinese as the "Jews of the East." In explanation of that reference he continues "each man is for himself and does nothing for his town or for society in general." It was a matter of deep regret to me to find an interesting and instructive article marred by the presence in it of a statement so misleading and by implication so pernicious as that above referred to. The Jews have been so long so extensively and so unjustly victimised by prejudice and its evil progeny that every fair-minded and humane writer ought scrupulously to avoid any reference or statement that may add to the burden which the Jews have already to carry. It is absolutely untrue, as the writer implied, that the Jews as a body anywhere are only for themselves and do nothing for society in general.

There are parasitic Jews just as there are parasites among other denominations or racial groups. Others can lay claim to no monopoly of any kind of deficiency or delinquency. This, however, does not warrant the broad, baneful and illogical generalisation which would at-

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tribute the shortcomings of some to the generality, or even to the many. Intelligence knows, as candour must confess, that as is evidenced conspicuously everywhere the Jews contribute their share, or, as might be expressed in present day parlance, "do their bit" for the promotion and welfare of the general good.

Accordingly, as one who for many years has tried to effect more kindly relations between Jews, Christians and others, I desire to protest against careless reference to my people and to plead for such considerate treatment of them, along with all others, as will lead to a hastening of the realisation of that fraternity which is so sorely needed in the world at the present time, the absence of which previously accounts so largely for the calamitous catastrophe which has caused the world to suffer such a carnival of carnage.

RABBI ALEXANDER LYONS, PH.D.

RICHMOND, VA.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I read Mr. Ranck's letter in the August number regarding Mayne Reid with interest, and think your printing of the vindication of Poe worth while, as it is now difficult to find in such a form. Most biographers of Poe have quoted from Reid's vindication, and Mr. Woodberry's revised Life of Poe in addition gives further light into Reid's associations with Poe, from an article by Howard Paul in *Munsey's Magazine* for September, 1892. The Reid article on Poe originally appeared under the heading "A Dead Man Defended," in the April, 1869, number of *Onward*.

Reid, in his reference to "blackguard," as applied to Poe, recalls the criticism of Alexander Smith in *Leaves from American Poets,* London, 1866. There the phrase "Blackguard of genius" appeared, grounded, as usual, on Griswold's statements about Poe.

This epithet was used again by the editor of the *British Weekly* in the issue of March 29, 1917, in his criticism on Poe's *Helen*. Although the editor of the *British Weekly* had his attention called to this phrase of Smith's in a personal letter from a correspondent several weeks prior to the appearance of his criticism, he appears to have appropriated it as his own in his note.

J. H. WHITTY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Being a close follower of Sara Teasdale's work, I think I ought to be able to recognise her style of writing. Am I right in saying that "Laggard" was written by her?

SAMUEL HELLER.

WALTER'S PARK, PA.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Apropos of the article in the August number of THE BOOKMAN under the title simply of "Henry James," the impression is somehow conveyed that it may be more interesting to read about Henry James than to read the man himself. I had been reading—or reading at—*The Wings of a Dove* for the first time, and just before seeing the article in THE BOOKMAN I came upon this sentence on page 145, Volume 2, Scribner edition:

> Not yet so much as this morning had she felt herself sink into possession; gratefully glad that the warmth of the southern summer was still in the high, florid rooms, palatial chambers where hard cool pavements took reflections in their lifelong polish, and where the sun on the stirred sea water, flickering up through open windows, played over the painted "subjects" in the splendid ceilings—medallions of purple and brown, of brave old melancholy colour, medals as of old reddened gold, embossed and beribboned, all tones with time and all flourished and scalloped and gilded about, set in their great moulded and figured concavity (a nest of white cherubs, friendly creatures of the air), and appreciated by the aid of that second tier of smaller lights, straight openings to the front, which did everything, even with the Baedekers and photographs of

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Milly's party dreadfully meeting the eye, to make of the place an apartment of state.

As a bit of descriptive writing, Ruskin, Symonds, Howells have done it so much better and more simply—and as a situation, read Flaubert and de Maupassant. Reading Henry James is often like a game of hide-and-seek in which we come out bewildered, empty handed, not having been able to find what Mr. James has so carefully hidden. Mr. James has seemed out of his generation. He should have lived in the *cinque cento,* when men had time to incise the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments on a bit of gold or a piece of parchment no larger than a dime—and when people had time and patience to decipher and to applaud. Certainly no golden nor precious thought is buried in the hundred and fifty-five words that begin the twenty-fourth chapter of the second volume of *The Wings of a Dove.* This sounds Biblical—one feels inclined to ask, What is Henry James, and did he write seriously or with a twinkle in his eye, and, if he could be so vulgar, with his tongue in his cheek? Personally I have heard him described as a belated but cultured Pickwick.

CAROLINE B. KUELM.

LUDINGTON, MICH.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I wish to add a few words—or perhaps, more correctly speaking, an explanation—to my communication on religion in THE BOOKMAN for July. I maintained there that nature, which the rationalists regard as the supreme being, is not unmoral and indifferent to good and evil, but is thoroughly beneficent and reveals in its processes all the ideals found in humanity.

But to many persons this view will at first appear untenable. Nature, it will be said, is everywhere wasteful and cruel, millions of germs being produced and only a few succeeding, species contending with species, life endlessly feeding on life—whereas human beings are sympathetic and helpful, and unwilling that any should suffer or should toil in vain. But this argument, it should be stated, is unsound in its conception both of nature in general and of human life. First, there is vastly less suffering in the aggregate among the lower animals than some of the professed Darwinians have supposed. Death in most cases is sudden, and the periods of suffering, generally speaking, when compared with even the briefest lives, are short. The impression given to the impartial observer by plant and animal life during the periods of growth, in the woods or along the stream, is usually not that of gloom and misery, but of joy and surging energy. Second, it can easily be shown that humanity is not nearly so considerate of life as some of its extollers contend. When we consider the enormous amount of plant and animal life that is slaughtered for food and sport, the human race must be looked upon as the most life-destroying type of animal that nature has ever produced. Let those who condemn nature first justify themselves. But even viewed on the more spiritual side, the absolutely safe and unadventurous manner of existence is, after all, not the full expression of human ideals. The simpler joys and pursuits are, of course, necessary and pleasant; but there exist in all of us deeper yearnings and aspirations. We see ourselves as factors in the cosmic development in the universe, and we regard it not as a sacrifice but as a sacred privilege to aid in this process. We willingly toil, suffer, even die if necessary; and we ask only the assurance that our labours, whether great or small, shall be conserved and shall endure. It is not that we seek destruction; our real aim is rather to attain a higher form of being.

The same principle has operated always in the evolution of life. The lower forms have not been destroyed in the absolute sense; they have contributed—perhaps willingly for all we know—to the life of the higher forms. So in us, the tendency and the deepest desire are not only to live in the limited sense, but

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also by living to contribute to still higher orders of existence.

It may be asked, Shall we then seek to justify the present war? The answer is emphatically, No. It may be the war was inevitable; it may be evil forces are thus being released that had no other outlet. There is also the consolation that in the scheme of nature none of the millions of lives in the war have perished in vain and none of the anguish and sorrow throughout the world will go unrewarded. But whether viewed in the light of human evolution alone or in the light of the infinite cosmic development, the war stands out as something abnormal and hideous. It is not at all like the general process of evolution as revealed in the course of the ages, in which lower life rises from less complex and rude forms to those more elaborate; it resembles rather the occasional cataclysms—the earthquakes, the volcanic eruptions, or the clash of stellar systems. Like these, it may be inevitable, and it may be necessary for the attainment of higher good. But, like these, too, it is not the normal and ideal form of being, and to the infinitely deeper consciousness of nature it must be infinitely more loathesome.

There is no gulf between nature and humanity except that created by selfish interests rooted in systems of thought that have been overthrown. The deepest ideals of mankind and the laws of nature are one harmonious system, and the hope for the ending of the present misery throughout the world, and the realisation of higher welfare in the future lies in the study of these laws and in the adjustment of thought and conduct in compliance with them.

CYRUS H. ESHLEMAN.

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A narrative in twenty chapters of Cooperstown from the earliest times, persons and events having been selected for their story interest.

Henry Thoreau, as Remembered by a Young Friend. By Edward Waldo Emerson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

Recollections of the poet-naturalist, by a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson—both personal memories and those of Concord people who knew Thoreau best.

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Woodcraft for Women. By Katherine G. Pinkerton. Outing Handbooks. Chicago: Outing Publishing Company 80 cents.

In fifteen chapters.

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A story of Granada and the Inquisition.

Economics

Workmen's Compensation. By J. E. Rhodes, 2nd. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A history of the workmen's compensation movement in this country and an outline of the principles on which it is based.

The Emancipation of the American City. By Walter Tallmadge Arndt. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.50.

A study of Home Rule and of agencies to realise the municipal ideal of service to its citizens.

Essays

Present-Day American Poetry. Studies in Literature. By H. Houston Peckham. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00.

A collection of articles from various magazines, dealing with problems of interpretation and criticism in present-day criticism.

Petain, the Prepared. A Message to American Manhood. By Edward Earle Purinton. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. With Portrait. 50 cents.

The story of the great Frenchman, voicing the "preparedness" theme.

The Moderns. By John Freeman. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.75.

Nine essays in literary criticism, including such subjects as Shaw, Wells, Conrad, and Bridges.

The House in Order. By Louis Collier Willcox. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 25 cents.

Reprinted by request from *Harper's Weekly*.

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Feminism

The Living Present. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

A discussion of all phases of women's work in war-time, and of many problems to be solved when peace comes.

Fiction

Jap Herron. With an introduction, "The Coming of Jap Herron," by Emily Grant Hutchings. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. With Portrait. $1.50.

A novel written from the ouija board.

The House of Landell. By Gertrude Capen Whitney (Mrs. George Erastus Whitney). New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. $1.35.

A love story in which the marriage problem is developed.

Ranny. Otherwise Randolph Harrington Dukes. By Howard Brubaker. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.40.

A tale of the activities of a boy which made him an important figure in his town, his family, and other families.

The New Carthage. By Georges EEkhoud. Translated by Lloyd R. Morris. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.50.

A story of the city of Antwerp before this war, by the Belgian novelist, and dedicated to King Albert of the Belgians.

Sube Cane. By Edward Bellamy Partridge. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A humourous story of the escapades of a small boy.

Summer. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

A New England story of a waif's love affair and marriage.

The Joyful Years. By F. T. Wawn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A love story of out-of-doors, in which the characters "find themselves."

The Long Lane's Turning. By Hallie Erminie Rives. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A love story of the Old South.

Where It Touches the Ground. By Montayne Perry. New York: The Abingdon Press. 75 cents.

A temperance story—the visualisation of a love story from "a movie."

The Master of the Hills. By Sarah Johnson Cocke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A story of two generations of Georgia folk.

From Death to Life. Gems of Russian Literature. Volume I. By A. Apukhtin. New York: R. Frank, Publisher. Translated from the original by R. Frank and E. Hughes. Portrait and seven pen-and-ink drawings.

Seven chapters of the author's experiences in death and re-birth.

Turn to the Right. By Bennet Musson. From the play by Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.35.

The story of the American drama, "Turn to the Right."

The Whistling Mother. By Grace S. Richmond. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A little war-time story for mothers and sons.

Martie, the Unconquered. By Kathleen Norris. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

The story of a Western girl's childhood, unfortunate marriage, and later solution of the modern woman's problems.

A Young Lion of Flanders. By J. Van Ammers Kueller. Translated by C. Thieme. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Illustrated by Louis Raemakers. $1.50.

A tale of the terror of war.

In the Night. By R. Gorell Barnes. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.25.

A tale of mystery, written by a soldier on a leave of absence and intended by the author to divert soldiers.

Gone to Earth. By Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A story of the remote countryside, dealing with elemental love and jealousy.

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The Inner Door. By Alan Sullivan. New York: The Century Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A love story, with the background of the ever-present war between labour and capital.

The Interlopers. By Griffing Bancroft. New York: The Bancroft Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A story of love and life in the Southwest, in which a young Harvard doctor fights his way to success.

Limehouse Nights. By Thomas Burke. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.50.

A collection of fourteen realistic stories of London's Chinese quarter

The House with the Mezzanine and other Stories. By Anton Tchekoff. Translated from the Russian by S. S. Koteliansky and Gilbert Cannan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Seven stories by the Russian author, including the longer narratives such as the novelette, "My Life, the Story of a Provincial."

The Fighting Man. By Alden Brooks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

Six war stories by a former war-correspondent and American ambulance driver, now an officer in the French artillery.

The Snare. By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25.

A love story of the days in which Wellington drained the power of Napoleon by drawing Messina into Portugal.

General Literature

Through the Year with Thoreau. Edited by Herbert W. Gleason. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $3.00.

Passages from Thoreau's writings descriptive of New England nature in the four seasons of the year, profusely illustrated with Concord photographs.

The Journal of Leo Tolstoi. Vol. XII of the Borzoi Russian Translations. (First Volume—1895 to 1899.) Translated from the Russian by Rose Strunsky. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

Translator's introduction, text of the Journal, notes by V. G. Chertkov, sketch of the life of Tolstoi, list of his writings and index.

Some Modern Belgian Writers. By G. Turquet-Milnes. With a prefatory note by Edmund Gosse. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.00.

A critical study of eight Belgian writers, including Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, and Destrée brothers.

Juvenile

The Getting Well of Dorothy. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

The adventures of a small girl taken to Switzerland to recuperate after a serious illness.

Gardening for Little Girls. Practical Arts for Little Girls Series. By Olive Hyde Foster. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

Sixteen chapters of practical suggestions for both mothers and children.

Miscellaneous

Auction Bridge Crimes. Laws of the Game. Volume I—Polite Knavery. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. $1.00.

A satirical arraignment of twenty common faults of our partners, indexed and with scoring table.

Touring Afoot. By C. P. Fordyce. Outing Handbooks. Chicago: Outing Publishing Company. 80 cents.

Thirteen chapters for the "hiker."

Hints on Landscape Gardening. By Prince von Puckler-Muskau. Translated by Bernard Sickert and Edited by Samuel Parsons. With illustrations and maps. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

In two parts: thirteen chapters on landscape gardening in general in Part I; and a description of the Park in Muskau in Part II.

The New Country Church Building. By Edmund de Schweinitz Brunner. New York: Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada.

Nine chapters, containing plans for modern community church buildings.

Lake and Stream Game Fishing. By Dixie Carroll. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Illustrated. $1.75.

The sport of angling—written in the vernacular of the sportsman.

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Science and Learning in France. With a survey of opportunities for American students in French Universities. An Appreciation by American scholars, Northwestern University, Editor, John H. Wigmore.

The work of a hundred American scholars, in some twenty-three chapters, with three Appendices.

The Challenge of St. Louis. By George B. Mangood. New York: Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada.

Ten chapters dealing with the religious, educational, family, and social life of the city.

Poetry

The Shadow. Anonymous. A Pastoral. New York: Hougton Mifflin Company.

A poem in four parts, in which a young English parson works under the shadow of the war.

In War Time. By May Wedderburn Cannan. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 90 cents.

Fifty poems of peace and war.

Saber and Song. By William Thornton Whitsett. Whitsett, N. C.: Whitsett Institute. $1.25.

A collection of fifty-five poems of varied subjects and treatments, idealistic and religious in spirit.

Jevons Block. By Kate Buss. Boston: McGrath-Sherrill Press. Illustrated.

A book of sex-enmity: a collection of poems, some of which appeared in magazines.

Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard. Collected by Ina Coolbrith. New York: John Lane Company. With portrait. $1.25.

Some sixty poems selected by Mr. Walsh from the complete collection.

Twenty-five. By Elmer Allen Bess and Emma Caughey Bess. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. 75 cents.

A little book of poetry and poetic prose about occasions and conditions arising in the lives of a couple married twenty-five years ago.

The Limeratomy. By Antony Euwer. New York: James B. Pond. $1.00.

A limerick anatomy in which the various parts of the body and their afflictions are described in limericks.

Politics

President Wilson. From an English point of View. By H. Wilson Harris. New York: Frederick A. Stokes.

A pro-American's view of the President's career and of American politics.

The Origins of the Triple Alliance. By Archibald Cary Coolidge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

An account of the doctrines and events which produced the triple alliance—covering the period of European diplomacy in which Bismarck is the dominant figure.

Religion

The Love Letters of St. John. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.

Love letters of history, attributed to Saint John and Antione, one of the Greek hetæræ.

The Oracles of God. Library of Religious Thought. By Samuel A. Martin, D.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

The contents of the Old Testament Scriptures in concise form: a textbook for schools and Bible classes.

White Knights on Dartmoor. By Olive Katherine Parr (Beatrice Chase). London: Longmans, Green & Company.

The organisation of the Crusade of the White Knights, as a remedy for the social evil.

Heroes of the Campus. By Joseph W. Cochran. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 60 cents.

The records of thirteen students who were Christian heroes.

A Concise History of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. By William Henry Roberts. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work. 50 cents.

A new edition of the book first issued in 1888.

Psychology

Spirit Intercourse. Its Theory and Practice. By J. Hewat McKenzie. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

The author's evidence of the continuity of life beyond death, with psychical phenomena including the first steps in the science of spiritual intercourse.

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Science

Alcohol. Its Relation to Human Efficiency and Longevity. By Eugene Lyman Fisk. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.00.

The author's evidence along three lines: Food Value, Social Value, Demands upon body, mind, and life.

The Mastery of Nervousness. By Robert S. Carroll, M.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

Twenty-three chapters, based upon the re-education of self.

Sex-Hygiene. A Talk to College Boys. Present Day Problem Series. By Frederic Henry Gerrish, M.D., LL.D., Bowdoin College. 60 cents.

A scientific and ethical lecture, delivered to the Freshmen of Bowdoin College.

War

Why Italy Entered into the Great War. By Luigi Carnovale. Chicago: Italian-American Publishing Company. Illustrated.

Half in English and half in Italian: a lengthy apologia based on Italian history, and events leading up to Italy's declaration of war against Austria.

Kelly of the Foreign Legion. Letters of Legionnaire Russell A. Kelly. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Illustrated. $1.00.

Letters previously printed in the New York *Evening Sun,* together with sketch of the Foreign Legion.

The British Navy at War. By W. MacNeile Dixon. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents.

The accomplishments of the British Navy in the present war, including an account of the Jutland sea fight, and the submarine.

The Boys' Camp Manual. By Charles K. Taylor. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A handbook of military and all-round training.

The Junior Plattsburg Manual. By Captain E. B. Garey and Captain O. O. Ellis. With a foreword by Major-General John F. O'Ryan. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

For boys' camps, high schools, and other educational institutions desiring a presentation of the elements of military training.

A Soldier of France to his Mother. Letters from the Trenches on the Western Front. Translated, with an Introduction by Theodore Stanton, M.A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. $1.00.

From a young French painter who died at the front in 1915.

You Are the Hope of the World. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

An appeal to the boys and girls of America, in eight chapters.

The Air Man. His Conquests in Peace and War. By Francis A. Collins. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.30.

Eleven chapters on such subjects as the tyro's training, the art of navigation, types and methods of use of aeroplanes, and the progress of aviation in the war.

America's Case Against Germany. By Lindsay Rogers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

An untechnical statement and explanation of the legal grounds of America's case against Germany.

The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company. $1.00.

An authoritative treatment of the situation, pointing out the fundamental bases of a just settlement.

A Student in Arms. By Donald Hankey. Second Series. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

More essays by the author of "A Student in Arms," including the "Don't Worry."

The Peril of Prussianism. By Douglas Wilson Johnson, Columbia University. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An address delivered before the annual convention of the Iowa Bankers' Association at Des Moines.

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The Retreat From Mons. With an introduction by Field-Marshal Viscount French. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents.

An authoritative story told from official records by a member of the British General Staff.

America and the Great War for Humanity and Freedom. By Willis Fletcher Johnson, A.M., L.H.D., American Foreign Relations, New York University. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

Twenty-nine chapters on such topics as the causes and issues of the war, the history of events prior to the conflict, facts and figures concerning the forces engaged, America's resources.

Christine. By Alice Cholmondeley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Letters from a girl at a German hospital three years before the war, and giving the state of the German mind at that time.

A World in Ferment. By Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Interpretations of the war for a new world: thirteen chapters, including such topics as "The Present Crisis," "The Russian Revolution," "The International Mind."

A Soldier's Memories in Peace and War. By Major-General Younghusband. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $5.00.

Twenty-one chapters of reminiscences, anecdotes and stories with such titles as: "A Subaltern's First Battle," "The Spanish-American War," "South African Jottings."

Towards the Goal. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. With a preface by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

A woman's letters from the front: a sequel to "England's Effort"—a revelation of the verification, at the front, of the prophecy implied in the first book.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the firs of July and the first of August:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	His Own Country	Where Your Treasure Is
New York City.....	His Family	Summer
Albany, N. Y.....	The Red Planet	Summer
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Red Planet	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Boston, Mass.....	Bromley Neighborhood	The Red Planet
Boston, Mass.....	The Red Planet	The Hundredth Chance
Boston, Mass.....	The Red Planet	The Definite Object
Baltimore, Md.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family
Baltimore, Md.....	The Red Planet	The Cinema Murder
Birmingham, Ala.....	The Red Planet	The Definite Object
Chicago, Ill.....	The Red Planet	The Light in the Clearing
Chicago, Ill.....	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Road of Ambition
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	His Family	The Light in the Clearing
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hundredth Chance
Dallas, Texas.....	The Light in The Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Denver, Colo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Yukon Trail
Des Moines, Ia.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Road to Understanding
Detroit, Mich.....	The Definite Object	Changing Winds
Indianapolis, Ind.....	His Family	His Own Country
Jacksonville, Fla.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Kansas City, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Definite Object
Louisville, Ky.....	The Dark Star	Those Times and These
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Red Planet	Summer
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Minneapolis, Minn.....	His Family	The Red Planet
New Haven, Conn....	The Red Planet	Bromley Neighborhood
New Orleans, La.....	The Hundredth Chance	His Family
Norfolk, Va.....	The Red Planet	The Definite Object
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Road to Understanding	The Light in the Clearing
Portland, Me.....	The Red Planet	His Family
Providence, R. I.....	The Red Planet	Mistress Anne
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Red Planet	The Definite Object
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Definite Object	The Light in the Clearing
Portland, Ore.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Richmond, Va.....	The Red Planet	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Red Planet
San Antonio, Tex.....	The Lovers	Cecilia of the Pink Roses
San Francisco, Cal....	His Family	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
San Francisco, Cal....	The Red Planet	Summer
Seattle, Wash.....	His Family	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Spokane, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Dark Star
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Treolars
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Hundredth Chance	The Definite Object
Toronto, Can.....	The Hundredth Chance	Changing Winds
Toledo, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Utica, N. Y.....	His Family	Greenmantle
Washington, D. C.....	The Red Planet	The Dark Star
Worcester, Mass.....	His Family	Mr. Britling Sees It Through

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
ret of Storm Country	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Lifted Veil	Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper
e Red Planet	Love's Inferno	The Definite Object	Enchantment
e Definite Object	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family	The Light in the Clearing
b: A Sub-Deb	The Definite Object	American Ambassador	The Light in the Clearing
s Family	The Definite Object	Where Your Treasure Is	Summer
here Your Treasure Is	Bromley Neighborhood	Summer	His Family
s Family	Summer	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Bromley Neighborhood
Diversity of Creatures	The Definite Object	The Hundredth Chance	Wildfire
s Family	The Hundredth Chance	Summer	Bab: A Sub-Deb
s Family	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing	Bromley Neighborhood
. Britling Sees It Through	The Hundredth Chance	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain	The Dark Star
e Definite Object	The Red Planet	Over the Top	Road to Understanding
e Red Planet	Changing Winds	The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb
e Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Changing Winds	My Country
b: A Sub-Deb	Mistress Anne	Oh, Mary, Be Careful	Road to Understanding
e Definite Object	His Family	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Red Planet
. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Ambition	The Red Planet	The Secret of the Storm Country
e Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mistress Anne	Paradise Auction
. Britling Sees It Through	The Red Planet	Changing Winds	The Light in the Clearing
e Light in the Clearing	The Red Planet	Mistress Anne	The Son of Tarzan
Family	The Red Planet	The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb
e Red Planet	Bromley Neighborhood	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Secret of Storm Country
Family	Changing Winds	The Definite Object	The Light in the Clearing
ad to Understanding	The Red Planet	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain	The Dark Star
nmer	Changing Winds	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
nmer	His Family	Where Your Treasure Is	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
e Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne	The Definite Object	The Worn Doorstep
mley Neighborhood	The Cinema Murder	Changing Winds	His Family
e Red Planet	The Definite Object	His Family	The Chosen People
. Britling Sees It Through	The Definite Object	Bromley Neighborhood	The Hundredth Chance
erican Ambassador	Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper	The Definite Object	Where Your Treasure Is
e Hundredth Chance	His Family	Mistress Anne	The Cinema Murder
e Cinema Murder	The Hundredth Chance	Bromley Neighborhood	His Family
en a Man's a Man	The Hand of Fu-Manchu	The Red Planet	The Light in the Clearing
mer	The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Those Times and These
e Definite Object	Mistress Anne	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Cinema Murder
e Hand of Fu-Manchu	Summer	The Dark Star	Jerry of the Islands
e Red Planet	The Hundredth Chance	In the Wilderness	Bab: A Sub-Deb
enmantle	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lydia of the Pines	Mistress Anne
y of the Islands	The Light in the Clearing	Cappy Ricks	The Hundredth Chance
e Red Planet	Road to Understanding	Wildfire	Mistress Anne
Family	The Red Planet	In the Wilderness	The Cinema Murder
mley Neighborhood	The Red Planet	The Sorry Tale	The Road of Ambition
e A Sub-Deb	In the Wilderness	The Triflers	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
he Wilderness	The Light in the Clearing	The Red Planet	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Red Planet	The Light in the Clearing	The Definite Object	In the Wilderness
Definite Object	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Red Planet	Wildfire
mer	Bromley Neighborhood	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hundredth Chance
Red Planet	The Definite Object	Paradise Auction	Bab: A Sub-Deb

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Plattsburg Manual. O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.
A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.
Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.
Germany, the Next Republic? Carl R. Ackerman.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Why We Are at War. Woodrow Wilson.
The Battle of the Somme. Philip Gibbs.
Behind the German Veil. J. M. de Beaufort.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 110 and 111) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

1. The Red Planet. Locke. (John Lane.) $1.50 306
2. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) $1.50..... 216
3. His Family. Poole. (Macmillan.) $1.50 193
4. The Definite Object. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.50 176
5. The Light in the Clearing. Bacheller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.... 167
6. Summer. Wharton. (Appleton.) $1.50 127

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The American Ambassador. L. Byrne.
Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary R. Rinehart.
Bromley Neighborhood. Alice Brown.
Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper. James A. Cooper.
Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Cecilia of the Pink Roses. K. H. Taylor.
Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.
The Chosen People. Sidney L. Nyburg.
Cinderella Jane. Marjorie Benton Cooke.
The Cinema Murder. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
Come Out of the Kitchen. Alice D. Miller.
The Dark Star. Robert W. Chambers.
The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.
A Diversity of Creatures. Rudyard Kipling.
Enchantment. E. Temple Thurston.
God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.
Germany, the Next Republic? Carl R. Ackerman.
Greenmantle. John Buchan.
The Hand of Fu Manchu. Sax Rohmer.
His Family. Ernest Poole.
The Hundredth Chance. Ethel M. Dell.
In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.
Jerry of the Islands. Jack London.
The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.
Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.
The Lifted Veil. Basil King.
The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.
The Lovers. Elizabeth R. Pennell.
Love's Inferno. Edward Stilgebauer.
Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willsie.
Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
My Country. George R. Brown.
O, Mary, Be Careful! George Weston.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
Paradise Auction. Nalbro Bartley.
The Plattsburg Manual. Ellis and Garey.
The Preacher of Cedar Mountain. S. D. Page.
The Red Planet. William J. Locke.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
The Road to Ambition. Elaine Sterne.
The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.
The Secret of the Storm Country. Grace M. White.
The Son of Tarzan. E. H. Burroughs.
The Sorry Tale, "Patience Worth." (Mrs. John Curran.)
A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.
Summer. Edith Wharton.
The Treolars. Mary Fisher.
When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
Where Your Treasure Is. Holman F. Day.
Wildfire. Zane Grey.
The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.
The Yukon Trail. W. MacLeod Raine.

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